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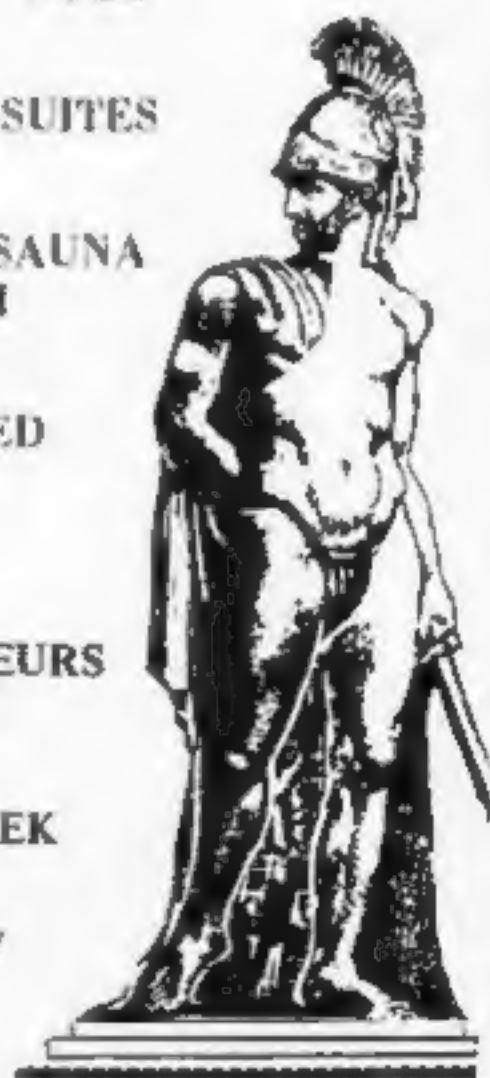
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**Publisher**  
Brian Parrish  
**Editor-in-Chief**  
Phil Townsend  
**Senior Editor**  
Bob Johnson  
**Managing Editor**  
Roger Duhn  
**Art Director**  
Rafael Ponté

**Distribution & Advertising**  
Phillip Butler (213) 466-6333

**Subscriptions**  
Gloria Haber (213) 466-6335

### Editorial Representatives:

#### New York

John Michael Cox Jr.  
(201) 377-2738

#### San Francisco

D. J. Coombs

#### Chicago

Andre

#### Atlanta

Steve Warren

#### Peter Adams

Peter Adams  
1-326-1309

#### London

Roger Asquith  
0-242-34272

### Contributing Writers:

Dagmar  
Ron Englert  
Tom Gary  
Hugh Harrison  
Jeremy Hughes  
Jim Kepner  
John Marvin  
Roy L. McCollough  
Vito Russo  
Barnaby Shackleford  
James Spada  
Richard Stanley  
Jeremy Stockwell  
Damon West

### Contributing Photographers:

Charlie Airwaves  
John Michael Cox Jr.  
Layne Nielson

# EDITOR'S PEN

In this first issue of the new year, there's plenty to warm your night for reading—and looking. For starters, we've uncovered a young man named Dana O'Brien as our coverman and centerfold, and we think you'll like what photographer Layne Nielson's camera caught. Nielson, you'll recall, captured track star Clyde Dayton Wallace for us last time around, and the furor caused by that young athlete still hasn't died down. Dana is just as athletic and no less photogenic.

Charles Adams has also joined us as a contributing photographer with darkly handsome Bob Sanchez, and Jim Morris takes us and his camera

remembers gay life way back when life was, well, gay.

This time around, we've also added some original artwork by Brownyn Cromio and Chris Nickens. A welcome addition, and they'll be back in future issues.

Our astrological columnist Roger Asquith takes us along on his voyage aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2, one of the last of the great oceanliners still crossing the Atlantic. Roger was enroute to his native land where he'll be *IN TOUCH*'s London correspondent and there's no one more qualified to keep us informed in '76 on what's happening in the mother country while we're besieged with Bicentennial salutes.



along on a lazy afternoon to Big Tujunga where Todd Mason gets an all-over tan.

For reading, we've got it all. For show business aficionados, there's author James Spada's look at Barbra Streisand today and Dagmar's profile of Broadway director Tom O'Horgan, who's had his share of successes, like "Hair" and "Jesus Christ Superstar." You can also get to know actor Bruce Davison, and songstresses Melba Moore and Shirley Bassey, giving her first interview to a publication like ours.

You might also want to enjoy Damon West's appraisal of the movies' predilection for male couples. We'll go along with that. Or Jim Kepner's talk with a man who

In the April issue, Roger's showing us London and that's going to be as much of a treat as our nude photo features on two hunky English fellows. One an innocent young farm boy who lets his hair down at night in the flat of a London photographer and the other a sailor in the Royal Navy you are simply not going to believe.

And while we're on a preview of the April issue, we're also going bathing with some young Italian men caught in the act by photographer Jurgen Vollmer. An international issue you won't want to miss.

But back to the *IN TOUCH* in your hands. Enjoy. And, as Roger Asquith says, welcome aboard.

Special contributors to this issue: Charles Adams, Russell Beam, Don Eiden, Serge Gubelmann, Jim Morris, Martha Swope.

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# Semantics Anyone?

comments:

**T**IME Magazine's recent passable rehash on gay life claimed that the term "Gay" gained currency only during the 1950s. Similar misstatements regularly fuel the myth that gay pride began after the 1969 Stonewall bar riot — six months after TIME's first survey of gay progress.

Gay is no mere synonym or euphemism for homosexual. Dictionaries stress other meanings, but dictionaries are notoriously unreliable in this field. Our current usage was by no means new when this writer came out in 1943. Novels and bars had long been called gay.

Though closet types preferred to be called homosexual or queer — or to reject any label for acts they kept hidden—bar patrons and street queens often huffed at being called homosexual. "Don't call me that

two-bit medical word! I'm gay and proud of it, not some doctor's specimen!" ("Medical" case histories then filled most books on homosexuality.)

Semantics and modern history belie the folk-notion that words can neither hurt nor help us. We derive our self-image, our limitations and our goals from what we call ourselves or get called. To call ourselves homosexual can focus our entire personhood on our sex drive. To call ourselves Gay affirms our sexuality while opening new socializing vistas.

But isn't Gay too frivolous a word? About 1700, gay young blades who allegedly minced about New York's Battery in elegant clothing were called fribbles. Their manner offended the dour burghers. Much objection to gayness still stems from Puritan fear of joy, style, color,

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lightness. Even our activists often demand seriousness of us. I doubt if I'll ever be a good fribble. But we exemplify the hope that there's more to life than procreation, more than ant-hill work-morality.

Before 1966, many of us saw the "so-called" gay life as a valley of shadows, strewn with alcoholism, guilt, estrangement, suicide. We knew gays who lived without Boys-in-the Band crises, but the real oppression experienced by many at first gave the "Gay Is Good" slogan launched that year a bitterly hollow ring.

Even many queens used the term darkly: "Look honey, the roof's gonna fall tomorrow, so let's drink and be Mary-gay."

Homosexual — a "scientific" term with bad etymology — had more status then, but as the certified property of the medical profession. It was up to supposedly objective doctors to define homosexuals, and they used that power to convict us of multiple pathologies, to separate us from jobs and personal liberty, and to categorize us along with pedophiles, fetichists, coprophiliacs, necrophiliacs and such.

The queens kept insisting that as

Gays we define ourselves; that we have much in common with other minorities; that a brotherhood-sisterhood of gay spirit exists the world over; that there's more to being gay than sex acrobatics; that the "difference" we find so early in ourselves colors our whole lives, in individual ways; that a "gay culture" grows in hidden places to enrich the general culture.

Since Stonewall those who prefer being called Homosexual have admitted no objectives for reform other than: research into causation; convincing the public that we are just like them; and enacting consenting-adults sex laws.

Those preferring the terms Gay or Homophile (which for decades meant what Gay means now, despite an erroneous and reactionary definition by East Coast Homophile Organizations) saw the movement's goals more broadly. They dropped the claim that law reform would lessen our numbers, and broke with cure-peddling advisers. They encouraged gays to work for broader social changes. They defended the integrity of transvestites, boy-lovers, hustlers, sado-masochists. They

(Please Turn To Page 63)

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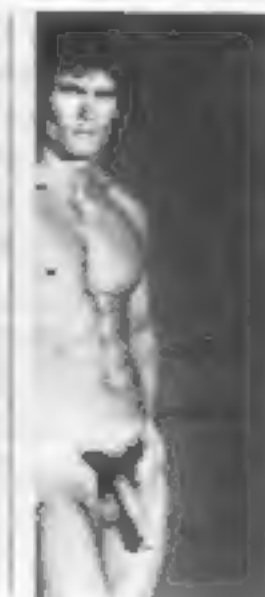
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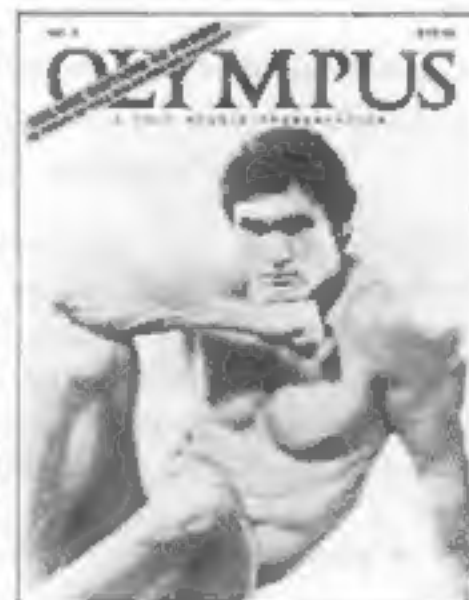
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# FILMS & BOOKS MUSIC & BOOKS & THEATRE

One of the important names of contemporary cinema is gone. Pier-Paolo Pasolini was one of Italy's pioneers in that all-too-rare genre of film that is at once of high quality technically and of high erotic content. Now he is dead. He was murdered in November by a 17-year-old boy who claims the director made untoward sexual advances on him.

Pasolini was an avowed homosexual, and his later films were filled with sensual imagery and beautiful people, particularly beautiful boys.

One of Pasolini's first film jobs was working for director Federico Fellini, writing the dialogue for the "low-life" characters in *Nights of Cabiria*, the film which provided the inspiration for the Broadway musical "Sweet Charity."

When he began making his own films, Pasolini displayed the same flair that Fellini and many of the neo-realist directors had for casting non-professionals in important acting roles and drawing effective performances from them. His first film, *Accattone*, starred Franco Citti, the brother of one of Pasolini's friends, and his natural performance drew world-wide critical acclaim. Citti has since appeared in most of Pasolini's pictures.

Pasolini was an intellectual and a Marxist, and most of his films during the '60s were either proletarian dramas (*Accattone*, *Mamma Roma*) or Marxist interpretations of classic



literature (*The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, *Oedipus Rex*). In the '70s, he discovered the sexual revolution and began to produce a series of excellent erotically-charged films. Best known in America is his adaptation of Boccaccio's *Decameron* which was actually one part of a trilogy of films. The other two, *The Canterbury Tales* and *The Arabian Nights*, have not yet been released here.

These films often contained sexy and revealing nude scenes, and it hardly took a trained observer to notice that it was the young men in

these scenes who had the lion's share of the nudity. In fact, it was probably Pasolini's *Teorema* that first gave the world a major star — Terrence Stamp — in a full-frontal nude scene, albeit a brief one.

Pasolini's last film, *Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*, was unfinished at his death, and it is unfortunate indeed, because from the look of advance photos it was an intriguing and decidedly daring effort. Telling of the rape and tortures inflicted on the Italian village of Salò by invading Third Reich soldiers, it was to have featured the usual array of beautiful young men, many equipped with over-sized artificial penises, in uncompromising scenes of sex and brutality. It was to have been his testament to what he decried as a growing tendency to violence in our society — a violence of which he, himself, was ultimately a victim.

Pasolini is gone now, but his unique and erotic visions live on, preserved by the medium of the motion picture to entertain us today and forever.

—John Marvin

Millions of people saw "That's Entertainment" eagerly plunking down \$2.50 and up to see clips from films that were mostly made before they were born. This phenomenon is no surprise when current taste seems so



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derived from vintage themes, yet there is more to late, late show revivals and films like "Brother Can You Spare A Dime?", "Chinatown", and "Farewell, My Lovely" than mere nostalgia.

Movie audiences have rediscovered the fine craftsmanship and affirmative themes of the films made before the avant-garde, and too — often negative, films of the '60s. In the era of bizarre and cheap thrill films, vintage films afford welcome freshness and levity even if their quaint sentimentality must sometimes be accepted with a wink.

In Los Angeles, record throngs turned out for "50 Years of British Cinema," a film series exhibited by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.



Series director Ron Haver thought that the great interest in that series of films lay in the limited exposure those pictures received over the years despite their fame. A few of the films have been aired on TV, but in the usual "cut-to-ribbons" versions.

Films were never meant to be shown on TV," he says. "They must be shown in their original larger-than-life proportions. Looking at a 16mm print is like looking at a penny postcard of a great painting. Seeing it on TV is worse."

To show rare, original prints Haver and his small staff go to ends no commercial revival house would, or could go to. Most of the old Technicolor prints have held up remarkably well, the deep, rich colors remain breathtaking in comparison to the

modern, cheaper color processes.

These prints are ferreted out of hiding with the help of private collectors and institutions such as the American Film Institute, the Library of Congress, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the UCLA Film Archive. In the case of the British Series, most of the prints from the '30s and '40s were borrowed from the British Film Institute, largely through the efforts of the British Consulate in Los Angeles.

Despite legal snares and fruitless searches, Haver concedes that the toughest part of putting a film program together is winnowing down the list of "must-sees" to a manageable schedule.

Still, the opportunity to show a rich assortment of films remains. The Museum has shown a series of French films and a month of love stories.

The 100th anniversary of D. W. Griffith's birth is currently being celebrated by one of the first retrospectives ever shown in Los Angeles of this pioneer filmmaker's work. Most of Griffith's work was silent. Not only will original hand-colored prints be brought out of the vaults, but there will be live organ accompaniment. "The hand-coloring of prints is a lost art. Live accompaniment of silent films is almost lost as well. In all of L.A. there are only three people left who can do this," Haver says.

Other projects under way at the Museum include series on American Popular Music, American Political Films, Blacks on Film, the annual Tournee of Animation, plus Fred Astaire and David Selznick retrospectives. Many of the original costumes used in such Selznick films as "Gone With The Wind" will be on display in conjunction with that series.

After a sporadic first few years of largely museum-member-only attendance, the idea of showing films publicly because of their inherent quality, rather than their current marketability, caught on. Through the ambitious efforts of Haver and his staff, the series now has an ever-growing and loyal following. Attendance figures prove that there's more to films in Tinseltown than turning a quick buck.

"Still," adds Haver, "it's a shame that in a city of eight million, our 600-seat theater is the only place where people can see these films. Who's going to sit up until four in the morning to watch them? I won't watch 'Gone With The Wind' on

TV Can you imagine Scarlett vow-ing, 'I'll never be hungry again' followed by a cut to a dog food com-mercial?"

—Richard Stanley

## music

**H**ow does a very talented young Englishman with the look of a Botticelli angel get the attention and respect he deserves as a serious rock performer?

That seemingly simple problem has sunk more than one career. Take Rick Springfield, for example, a very good Australian singer with a voice and outlook very akin to a realistic folk singer (ala Dylan or John Prine) who came to this country and because of his looks found himself trapped in an ad campaign similar to that of a Bobby Sherman or David Cassidy. He was never able to recover from it, in spite of a hit LP and a Top 10 single. That same problem now seems to face David Essex.

Essex has had a top hit single too. Helped by the fact that it was very gritty and unlike anything coming from current teeny-bopper idols. "Rock On" and the hit LP of the same name that followed it seemed destined to pull him into the ranks of serious superstar.

He further extended his talent and presence by appearing in two serious English films that were scathing views of success in the rock music field, *Stardust* and its followup *That'll Be The Day*. In fact, the single from that last film, "Gonna Make You A Star" was the biggest seller in history in England for CBS. It never got off the ground here and some grumbles have it that once the "heavy" people saw Essex and that incredible beauty, they were sure that he could never have a more serious thought than where his next spoonful of sugar was coming from. Apparently they hadn't been listening to his music.

It's really sad that in a field where talent, real talent, is so badly needed, someone can be dismissed and dis-regarded just because of his looks. Worse than that is the inability of the powers-that-be to see, to know, and to appreciate such problems.

The powers-that-be in this case

seem to be David Essex's managers, who seem determined to push him into stardom in any fashion possible. In doing so they started him out on a cross-country concert tour and released a new LP, *All The Fun Of The Fair* (Columbia), both of which seem to be aimed squarely at the groin of a 14-year-old.

The concert can be missed, unless you are a freak for the likes of Donny Osmond or can consider your money well spent by seeing the twisting body of a beautiful young animal. The LP is quite another story. That great voice can't be totally pushed into the super-sweet bubblegum sounds, though, in "Watch Out Carolina" the producers almost succeeded. But in "Hold Me Close" and especially "Here It Comes



Again," that voice, with its don't-put-me-on view of life, cut right through the sugar to the harsh reality beneath the gloss.

Essex seems to be surprisingly laid back about the whole thing, as if he's so sure of his talent he knows he can withstand all this nonsense. He is far too fine a talent to toss away on the likes of both the LP and this misguided concert tour.

I understand the problems of his managers though. The money in rock is here in this country. His recording of "Rock On" in the U.S. outsold all his other singles in England, put together. All those powers-that-be should remember that the career of a teeny-idol is sadly short and Essex deserves far better.

—Hugh Harrison

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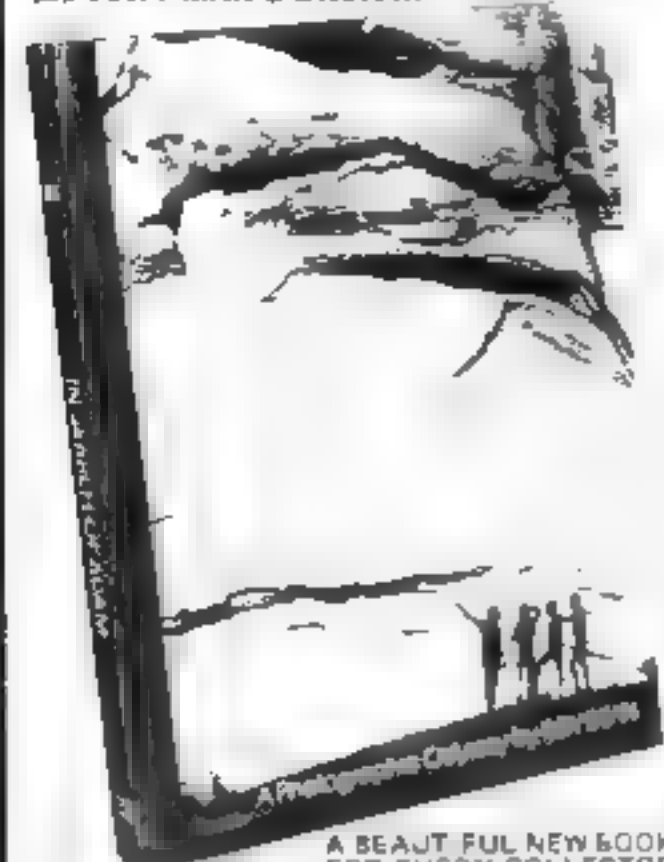
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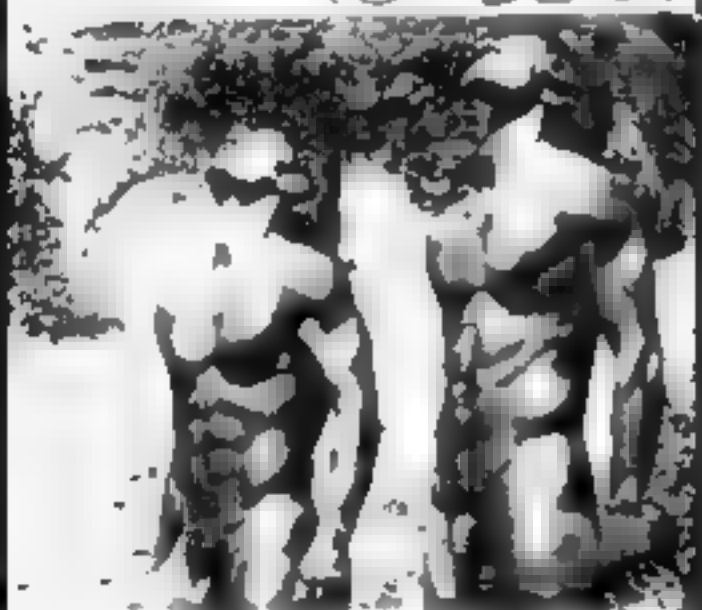


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In the world of soul and excepting Stevie Wonder, no one is producing such intricately layered, program-matically sound and consistently satisfying albums as Bobby Womack. *I Don't Know What The World Is Coming To* is the best overall album in his current double barreled UA release, but "I Feel A Groove Comin' On" from *Safety Zone* is eight and a half minutes of pure wipe-out that you may just keep going for days. When Womack talks, you listen. When he sings, you find yourself talking back. Try "Check It Out" on *I Don't Know* . . . You'll at least nod if you've ever been there. The wrap-up is a version of "Yes, Jesus Love Me," geared for conversions.

Recorded live at the Latin Casino, the Thom Bell-produced *Spinners Live* (Atlantic) plays like something unearthed from an overripe time capsule. Whoever put together their act has duplicated the sort of tired routines which helped to blitz the nightclub business in the '60s. The hit reprises are here, but so is a hoke opening arrangement of "Fascinating Rhythm" and a salute to bygone hitmakers that is right out of the old Paula Kelly and the Modernaires routines. Add to this a sententious thank you and band introductions and you'd imagine it was a comeback try for the Ink Spots in Montreal circa 1950. Are The Spinners trying to turn off their present audience or raise another from the dead?

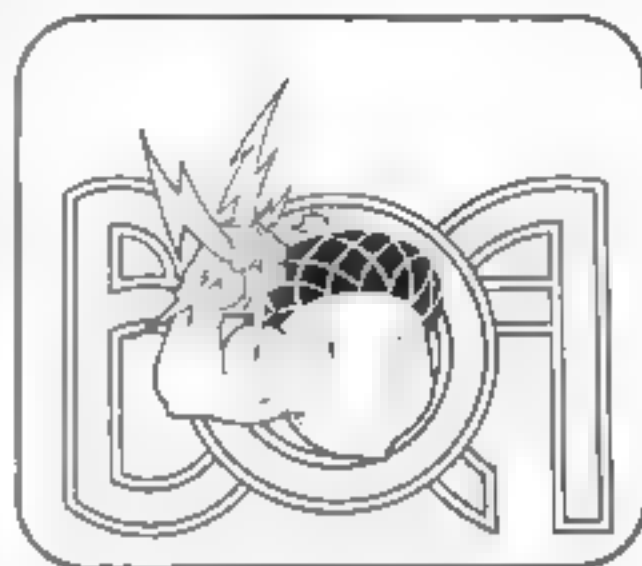
If your rock tastes share affection with Noel Coward, Scott Joplin, Gilbert and Sullivan, the English music halls and Mozart, if you think Ian Whitcomb was a good idea, poorly cast, or that Tiny Tim played it too straight, there aren't enough of you to make *Sparks Indiscreet* (Island) a hit, but stick around. They won't be stopped, brothers Ron and Russell Mael and the others. Perhaps Ron will write the first Rock oratorio. He nearly has. Warning: Unless you are sure that you are immune, do not risk playing "Under The Table With Her."

The inarticulate poetry of Jimmy Webb crystallized a peak of the chaotic '60s. He had essentially one theme of loss whose variations, left out in the rain, were quickly spent before any of us got to Phoenix. Jimmy and Glen Campbell are together again in *Reunion* (Capitol), proving that you can go home again, but

don't expect the cupboard to be stocked.

Phenomenal comeback? Nope! Neil Sedaka is simply one of the most talented commercially keen rock pioneers. Chewing bubblegum may be an odd occupation for a grown man, but it sure makes an infectious sound. *The Hungry Years* (Rocket) includes "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do," but what album doesn't these days?

MCA appears to have cornered the market for sloppy seconds punk and redneck rock. Black Oak Arkansas' *X-Rated* and The Lost Gonzo Band are



prime pussy for those who keep their tattoos strictly above the waist and their sex strictly below. Runner-up: Brownsville Station's *School Punks* (Big Tree).

Keep it up like this and you're in for the duration. Rousing vocals balanced by some solid Latin jazz instrumentals in *Why Can't We Be Friends* (UA) will keep us going until War's eagerly awaited soundtrack from "The River Niger."

Daryl Hall John Oates (RCA) is this year's winner of the Julie London Memorial Award for jackets that play better than the disc. The tracks indicate that they are proficient musicians trying out a bit of this, a bit of that until they find something you'll nibble. The best of these are their *Spinners* sounds and Harold Melvin parodies. With solid production and arrangements by Christopher Bond, the team has plenty to offer as soon as they settle on a sound that is uniquely their own.

Elton John's fascination with the textures of the American scene and sounds produces hybrids which bloom brightly while replenishing the soils with provocative insights. I

must admit to enormous respect for Rock of The Westies (MCA), but it is a respect that lacks genuine enthusiasm. With the exception of the hit "Island Girl," I find most of it reaching for a younger audience like the midteen maidens who packed Dodger Stadium this fall. Maybe I just prefer the ballad Elton, which makes Taupin's "I Feel Like A Bullet" the track I'll wipe out on this outing.

—Damon West

## theatre *new york:*

Currently at the Shubert Theatre is the New York Shakespeare Festival Production of "A Chorus Line," conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. The setting is an audition, here and now; the stage bare except for a single white line running the entire width of the proscenium a few feet upstage of the footlights.

The show is spectacular entertainment. And to say less would be to shortchange one of the most enjoyable evenings I've ever spent in the theatre.

Michael Bennett deserves kudos on all counts — conception, choreography, direction. The entire project started when Bennett and a group of dancers got together to discuss the feasibility of a musical about Broadway gypsies. The meetings gave place to taping sessions in which each individual dancer recounted his own life story, particularly how he or she got into dance. The result, after a showcase at the Public Theatre, slight changes, and a move to the Shubert, is a brilliant testament to talent — cerebral, vocal, and physical.

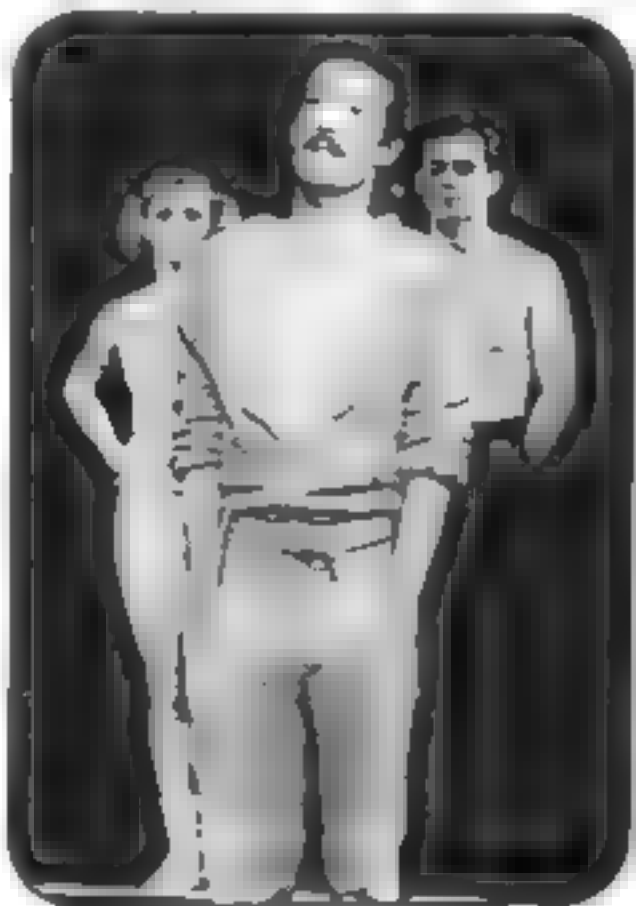
There is never anything on the stage during the performance besides the dancers, and occasionally several panels of mirror which fly in at the back of the stage. It is a great reminder that what goes to make up theatre — real theatre — is actors on a stage and an audience.

The curtain goes up, lights, and the stage is filled with scores of

dancers at an audition (26 in all). As a member of the audience you feel almost as if you are intruding. It is really an audition.

The choreographer, played by Robert LuPone, who makes what could be an assinine role into an intelligent and exciting characterization, is putting the hopefuls through their paces. By the end of the first number, "I Hope I Get It," he has eliminated a third of the applicants. Disappointed, they leave, and the others, who are to make up the story, stay, anxious and still hopeful.

Then the choreographer does what I assume is something different from most auditions. He asks the remaining dancers to line up across the stage and begins singling them out to tell about themselves and their lives. Not act, mind you, just talk. Something which the dancers seem unac-



customed to and reluctant to do.

One by one, and in small groups, the story begins to unfold. We start to see how a dancer "happens" with songs like "I Can Do That," and "At The Ballet." We learn of personal problems, families for and against dancing, the quirks and ambitions that lead a person into the life of a gypsy.

It is so human, so real, so well-conceived and executed that the show is spellbinding. And you begin to realize just how much sacrifice and dedication really do go into being in the theatre.

The company is very well cast and only occasionally are you reminded that not all dancers are born singers. But as with any show, there are a

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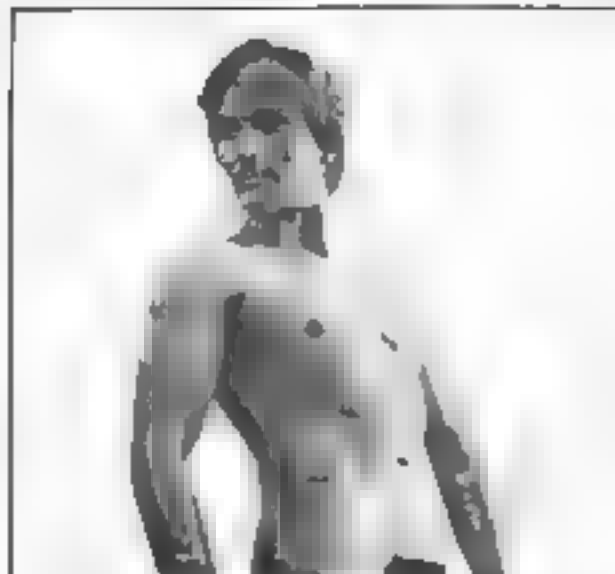
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couple showstoppers. In "Dance Ten, Looks, Three" Val (played by Pamela Blair) tells of the advantages of "tits and ass" when auditioning. Then there is "The Music and the Mirror." Donna McKechnie's number. She plays Cassie, the almost star who is trying to get back into the game by returning to the chorus. As always, Miss McKechnie is spectacular, as both a singer and dancer.

There are some very exciting numbers. Among them, "One," a number from the "show" that they are auditioning for. And "The Tap Combination," which is still another test for the dancers.

Also worthy of mention is Sammy Williams, who handles a very dramatic role with great feeling and charm. Carole Bishop, playing Sheila, a gutsy, sexy broad still hoofing it, is great as a comedienne dancer / singer.

It's really unfair to single out any one performer, as the show is so well constructed that each performance is beautifully complimented by the others.

Although it's seldom the case with Broadway musicals, both the music and the book are good. Music is by Marvin Hamlisch and book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. It is a theatre show. One that anyone in the arts will relate to immediately. The show's reality can be felt and enjoyed by everyone. If there are any "must-sees" this season, "A Chorus Line" is definitely one of them.

—Jeremy Stockwell

**A**l Carmine's new show, "Why I Love New York" is sort of a cockeyed Valentine to a failing city. Carmine is always interesting because he writes good songs and is a powerful musician, but often the songs don't belong in a play. They're songs to be sung in concert and although his shows are Oratorios, they don't hang together well enough for the songs to work in a dramatic context.

The haunting opening "How Do You Love A City?" (like you love a man or a woman) was really one of the most charming pieces of theater I've seen in a long time. In no time at all, however, the entire evening degenerated into a mish-mash of sentimentality and wrong decisions. His show moves from The Museum of Modern Art to The Port Authority

Bus Terminal to The Staten Island Ferry to 8th Avenue and finally, Washington Square Park.

The sequence in the bus station was the best, followed closely by the 8th Avenue bit, which featured songs about the people who wander the streets and by-ways of the world's most exciting city.

David Summers, last seen in Carmine's "The Faggot" as the new boy in town sings "I'm Gonna Be A Fuckin' Star" in Port Authority with the ambition and vengeance it deserves and Lee Guiliat who played a beautiful Gertrude Stein in "The Faggot" is the gnomish, foul-mouthed rag lady who sings eloquently about her rags. She's a great performer who deserves better material.

All of the gays are men in the show and all of them are stereotypes. Carmine, an open gay himself, should have known better and it's about time he learned to rely less on "typifying" his own people and more on making them real.

One does not come away from this show unmoved, just unfulfilled. A Rumanian folk dance in Washington Square Park may be why Al Carmine loves New York, but rag ladies do not sing eloquently and muggers do not do the hora. I love it because we've been able to surpass these things in my city. Why doesn't someone write about that?

—Vito Russo

## los angeles:

**A**bevy of Broadway shows are headed for Los Angeles in the months to come, and David Merrick is opening his new musical here before sending it on to Broadway.

The new Merrick show is "The Baker's Wife," an adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's classic French film of the early '40s (it was the first foreign language film to become a popular success in this country).

The book for the new musical is by Joseph Stein (author of "Fiddler on the Roof"), with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz (composer of "Godspell," "Pippin" and "The Magic Show"). Joseph Hardy will direct.

The film told the story of picturesque characters in a little French village and the scandal created when

their incomparable but temperamental baker discovers that his wife has run off with a younger man.

"The Baker's Wife" is scheduled to open the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera's '76 season May 11. Following a seven-week run at the Music Center's Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the musical will then go to San Francisco before opening on Broadway.

Let's hope Merrick has better luck with this one than he did with "Mack & Mabel," which he also first presented as part of the Civic Light Opera season two summers ago. That was a pretty good show when it left here (with one of Jerry Herman's best scores), but word has it that



Gower Champion "improved it to death" before it got to New York, where it quickly folded.

A "Chorus Line," Michael Bennett's brilliantly conceived and staged tribute to the Broadway gypsy, is scheduled to open June 29 at the Shubert Theatre. Early reports are that this will be the original Broadway cast, which means we'll get Donna McKechnie in her showstopping "The Music and the Mirror."

"The Wiz," the black musical version of Dorothy and the Ruby Slippers in the Land of Oz, which is distinguished mainly by a funky, infectious score, is due at the Music Center's Ahmanson Theatre June 8, also as part of the Civic Light Opera season.

"A Chorus Line" and "The Wiz" are being presented in Los Angeles in a unique agreement between the Shubert Organization and the Civic Light Opera, which in the past have

been fiercely competitive. This hopefully indicates a new era of cooperation between the two theatres as Cy Feuer and Ernest Martin take over as the creative force of the Civic Light Opera.

Another black musical, "Raisin," is currently playing at the Shubert. This is an adaptation of Lorraine Hansberry's powerful play about a black family in Chicago during the '50s. "A Raisin in the Sun," Virginia Capers, who won a Tony award for her performance on Broadway, is starring in this production.

Opening at the Shubert in March will be "Sherlock Holmes," a revival of William Gillette's turn-of-the-century play about the Arthur Conan Doyle sleuth. Frank Langella, who was last seen here as the lizard in Edward Albee's "Seascape," has been set to play the title role.

"Sherlock Holmes" is a rather creaky, predictable vehicle, but the production does feature some interesting gimmicks and elaborate, stylish sets re-creating old London. This production was originally done in New York by London's Royal Shakespeare Company, with American actors taking over later in the run because of alien work restrictions. Frank Dunlop, who directed it in London and New York, will also stage this production.

There have also been reports — again — that Harold Prince's revival of "Candide," which won five Tony Awards on Broadway, will be coming to Los Angeles in late April. In New York, a theatre was completely renovated for the production, which is played on 10 stages, ramps and drawbridges, with the audience in the middle of and surrounding the action.

For the Los Angeles production, which will then tour the country, an inflatable, air-supported portable structure (known as a "bubble") is being specially designed. Oh well, I guess one can "Glitter and Be Gay" in almost anything, including the best of all possible bubbles.

—Ron Englert

*San Francisco:*

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Michael McClure's comic-strip fantasy, "General Gorgeous."

McClure is best remembered for his production several seasons back of "The Beard," starring the adorable Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid, a play most notable for its scatology and resulting run-ins with the censors. No such problems will plague "Gorgeous." Aside from ten seconds of poorly simulated screwing, it contains nothing to offend your Aunt Tillie.

If Tillie (or you) have a taste for pin-ups, you'll see two of the best sets of male thighs in town, though,



sheathed in skin-hugging blue and lavender silk tights. Gorgeous (Nicholas Cortland) and Blue Mutant (Stephen Schnetzer) remain fully dressed (and wigged) at all times but those legs are dazzling.

And you might find the other costumes and character concepts amusing. These include a panda who is Gorgeous' maid, his parents (a Viennese mouse and a Bert Lahr lion with a Southern drawl), two villainesses in pink body stockings and long tails.

And there was a quite entertaining song at the opening of the second act, sung by the Panda, who is being courted by a human PhD candidate. The title, if you haven't guessed, "Can a Panda and Philosopher Marry?"

With that I have exhausted the merits of the show. ACT has utilized several of its finest performers in this drivel, to no avail whatever. Cortland, the incredible Brother Julian of "Tiny Alice," mouths Gorgeous platitudes with heart-breaking sincerity. Such fine actresses as Deborah May and Hope Alexander-Willis flounder through

McClure's murky dialogue, a mix of balloon captions and God-awful poetry.

Oh, the plot? It was perhaps devised in 1934 by a retarded 12-year-old for his equally deficient younger siblings. The hero has a secret which the villain wants. The villain turns the hero into a chair and kidnaps the Mouse-Lion parents. Heroine rescues hero from chairdom. Villains and villainesses repent, parents return.

And the Panda gets her man.  
Would you believe?

—D. J. Coombs

## books

Does Blanche DuBois plaintive "Please don't get up gentlemen, I'm only passing through," linger hauntingly in your mind, indelibly linked to the male-animal rage of Stanley Kowalski à la Brando? Do Maggie the cat, Big Daddy, Amanda Wingfield, Serafina and her daughter's sailor seem almost like persons you have actually known, not just shadow memories from stage and screen?

Then by all means hurry out and get Tennessee Williams' *MEMOIRS* (Doubleday, \$8.95, 264 pgs. plus 144 pictures) and settle down for a moving book into one of the more creatively cluttered minds writing today.

And if you have held liberationist resentment against this most outstanding American dramatist, who, over the years, has consistently hinted at homosexual themes, and you feel that he owes it to the rest of us to come out publicly, then this is where he does it. What he says may not please those who have the revolution all planned out, and the account of his life is sometimes frightening, sometimes antic, often annoyingly coy but never uninteresting. Many who were born well after World War II may find it hard to relate to the excruciating difficulty Williams and thousands of other had in coming out in the Depression days, or appreciating the irony of all those missed opportunities.

But here, the mask is all the way off. He makes no effort to pretty up the portrait of his own homosexual exploits, his frequent bitchiness and

occasional raging stupidity. His description of 14 years with handsome Frank Merlo is excellently poignant in the account of their breakup and of Frank's slow death. But the long-suffering Sicilian lad had his moments, for example at a lunch when the bullying movie magnate Jack Warner turned to Williams' companion with the impertinent question, "What do you do, young man?" With complete aplomb, Frank answered, "I sleep with Mr. Williams." Tennessee (or Tom) credits him with a good deal more service than that.

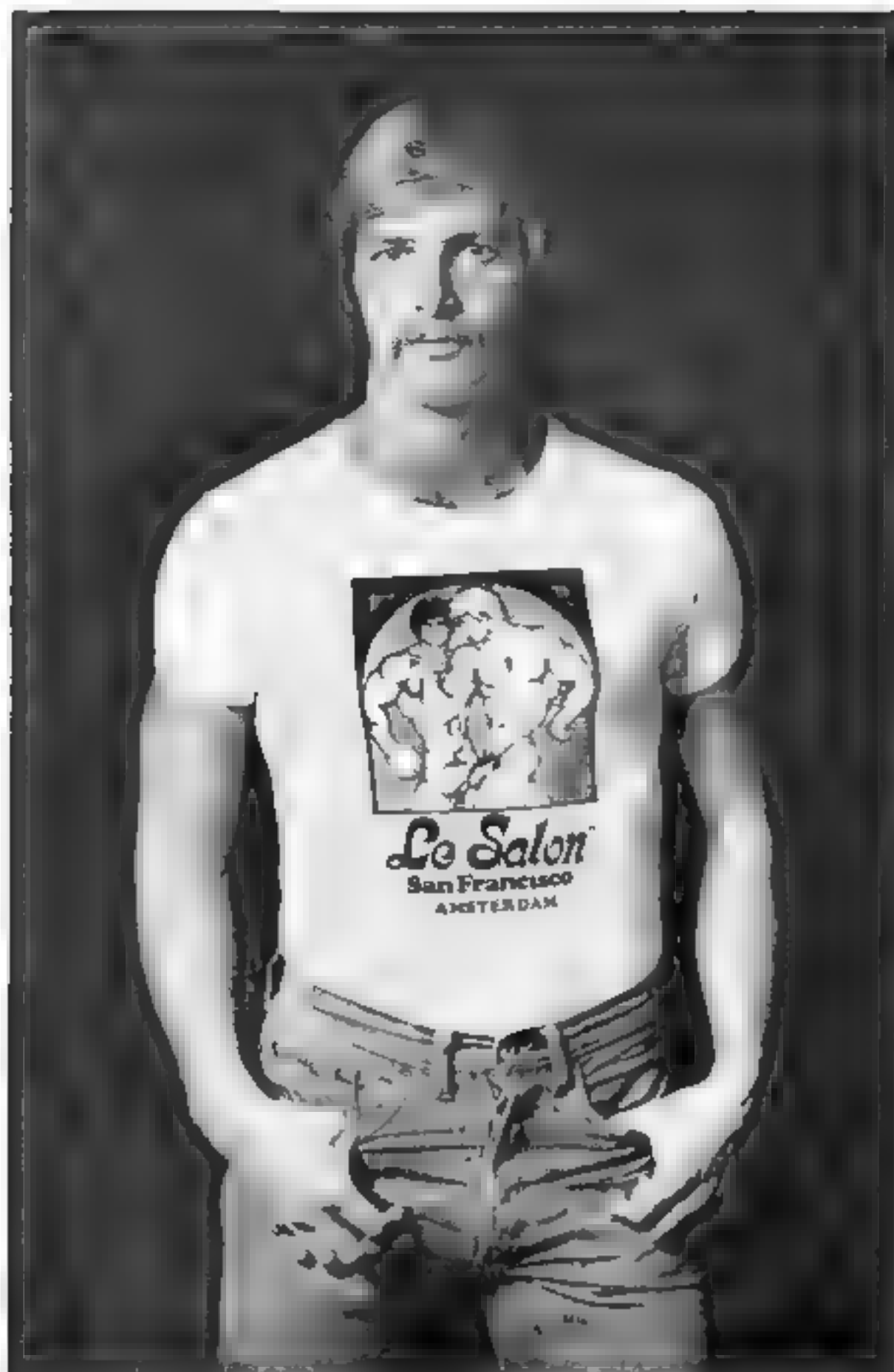
Several photos show young Tennessee with a handsome younger boy named Dakin. Unless you have more luck than I at first did with the index, you might suppose this was an early lover, and would really learn only near the end of the book that it was a younger brother, an object of such intense sibling-rivalry that Dakin is barely mentioned until he helped to hospitalize Williams for a nervous breakdown near the end of the book.

Any celebrity's autobiography is likely to contain surprises. One has read a certain amount of critical blather talking about "schools" of writers, implying for example that Williams, Carson McCullers, William Inge, Gore Vidal et al practically grew up together, under the tutelage of either Edith Sitwell, John Crowe Ransome or William Faulkner. At any rate Dame Edith and Ransome are unmentioned here, and the contact with Faulkner was brief. But Williams has been constantly on the move and his friends, associates and pickups would number in the thousands, not all of whom could be discussed in a relatively short book.

Some specifically asked not to be mentioned by name, and Williams makes mysteries of a few (some of which puzzles might be solved by a careful reading of, say, certain issues of *Gay Sunshine* who were afraid any mention of their name would irretrievably label them as homosexual. One of these was his long-time lover while the memoir was being finished.

A memoir is the right term. It is not the sort of thorough and systematic biography, everything double-checked, that we hope someone is already working on. Many heavy or wildly comic incidents are thrown away dramatically, and the writing only occasionally

(Please Turn To Page 65)



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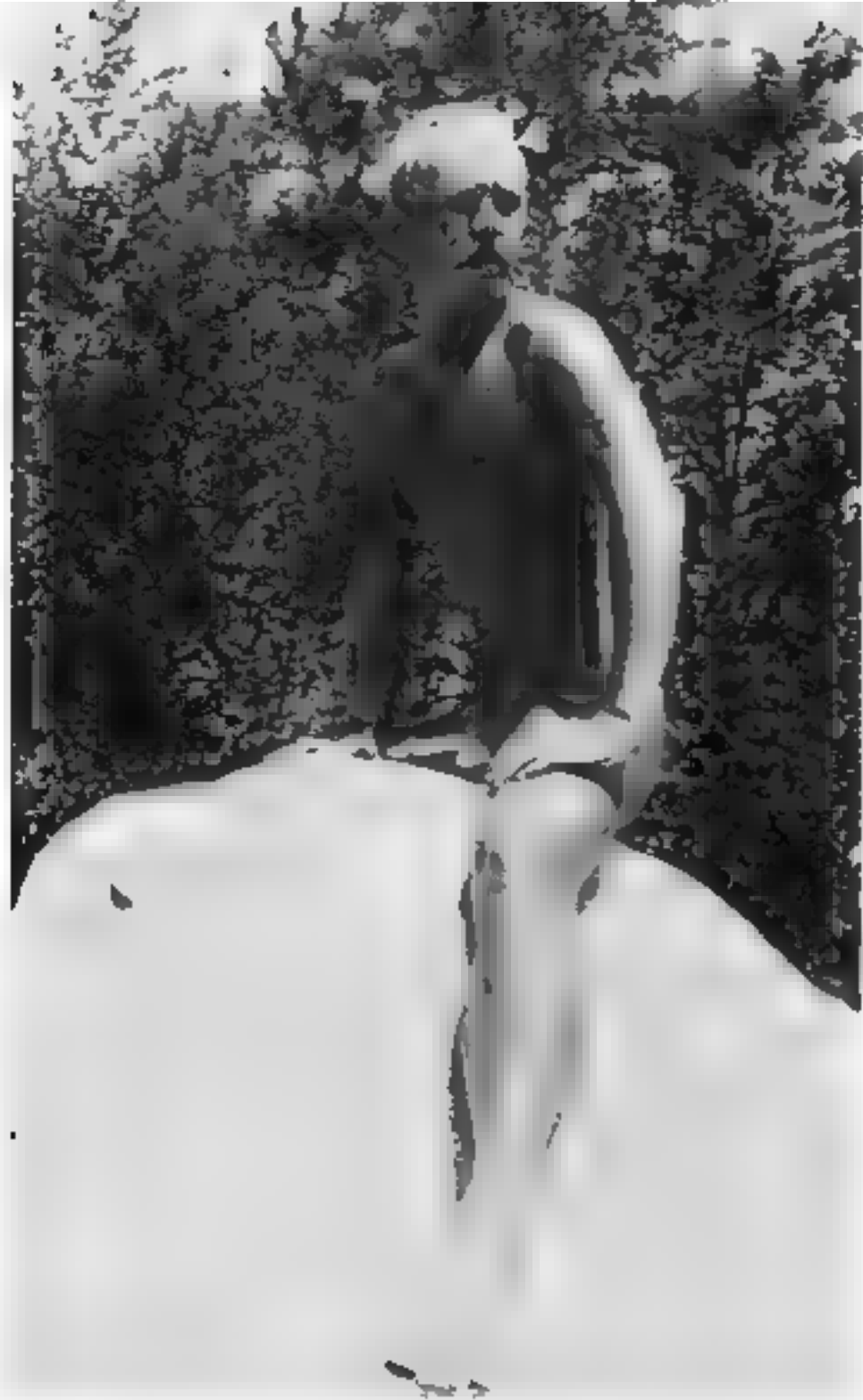


# LAZY BIG TUJUNGA

**B**ig Tujunga is known to Los Angelenos as the place to go if you're looking for a quick escape from the freeways, the smog and the hectic pace of city life. The canyon lies about a half hour away from Hollywood, where the San Fernando Valley heads up into the San Gabriel Mountains. Foot trails wind off from the main thoroughfare in all directions, some of them carrying you to spots like the one Todd Mason and photographer Jim Morris found one afternoon. There, with little company but the California sun, a fellow is encouraged to relax and get

back to nature. Todd, a native Californian, didn't even have to be encouraged. A sun-worshipper, he just waded in and then stretched out on the rocks as Morris camera clicked away. We thought you'd like to see the results. Todd's a natural performer with a penchant for singing and dancing, and when he isn't keeping in shape at the Beverly Hills Health Club, he's usually taking voice lessons. When we last heard from him, he'd loaned his van to a friend and taken off with another to Austria, no doubt to find the real source of the sound of music. And be enriched by it.

Photography by Jim Morris





# BRUCE DAVISON

As you park in front of Bruce Davison's cottage, about three-quarters of the way up one of the lesser Hollywood hills, you are greeted by a cacophony of barkings. A mop-like mutt on the wooden porch that runs the length of the house joyfully signals your arrival, and is answered by equally boisterous barking from within. Don't bother to knock.

All smiles and warmth, the attractive 29-year-old actor throws open the door, drags you in, shouts in vain at Marilyn and Gladys to stop barking, sweeps debris from a love seat, apologizes for the mess, bounces into an adjoining room to turn down the TV, and jogs around behind the open bar into his kitchen.

"Can I get you something, Jerry? Sorry I don't have any booze, but if I kept it in the house I'd drink it all. But I think there's some ice water here." The sun not quite yet being over the yardarm, you decline, but Bruce pours himself a glass and downs it in a gulp.

You are trying to get yourself organized. He had just called you about half an hour earlier, saying that an unexpected break in today's shooting with Raquel Welch, Bill Cosby, and Harvey Keitel on *Mother, Jugs, and Speed* left him with some open time for the *IN TOUCH* interview. He's only a 15-minute drive away. Could you come right over?

Placing your handy-dandy tape recorder on the low table in front of the love seat, your briefcase at your feet, cigarettes on a massive hand-hewn oak table behind, your steno pad and ball point at the ready, finding a Venetian glass ashtray, making friends with the two overly-demonstrative bitches — you feel about ready to begin when you realize your "subject" has already started.

But, despite his excessive physical energy, Bruce Davison is very soft-spoken, so you worry about the tape picking up all he says, and slyly try to push the machine closer to where he's perched at the end of the table

in an overstuffed grandfather's chair. He has a better idea, however, and vaults over to the love seat, nestling the recorder on the cushion between the two of you. "Let's just stretch out," he suggests, noting that you share his problem of very long legs.

In answer to your first question, he reveals that *Mother, Jugs, and Speed* is a movie about ambulance drivers. By way of proof, he leaps up to get a copy of his dog-eared script and drops it on your lap, explaining that "we've only been working on it a couple of weeks, rehearsing, going out with the paramedics and stuff. I find it horrifyingly fascinating."

"We're doing it for 20th Century-

## The Very Physical

By JEREMY HUGHES

Fox. Peter Yates, who did *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, is directing. I play the ambulance shotgun. Not the driver, but the other one. You know, like on a stagecoach." He momentarily settles down again in the love seat, picks up your recorder, and places it on his blue-jeaned lap. You feel, finally, ready to "conduct an interview."

No way. For when you ask what he did just before this film, he is up and away again. "I helped open the Westwood Playhouse in 'The Little Foxes'," his voice drifts in from another room. Then he dashes back with a framed family-type portrait of the cast, and, unnecessarily but proudly, identifies his co-stars: "Jim Hamilton, Harris Yulin, Barbara Barrie, Robert Brown, me, Mel Bryant, Carroll O'Connor, Lee Grant, Burgess Meredith, and Betsy Slade."

"It was a good one! It grew. We had a lot of time to develop a lot of different characterizations. I played

Oscar's son . . . er . . . what's his name? . . . Jesus, I forgot! Oh yeah, you're right — Leo!" The bright blue eyes sparkle above his nice nose and a somewhat tentative sandy-colored moustache. "Before 'The Little Foxes'? Jesus, I guess that would be the movie, 'The Last Survivors,' a TV Movie-of-the-Week with Martin Sheen, Tom Bosley, Anne Francis, Christopher George, and Bethel Leslie. We made it around Christmas of 1974."

"It was that dreadful thing where we had to stay in a water tank and be wet for two weeks. It was a nightmare!" He laughs ruefully. "It really was! We were all constantly wet, with ear infections and everything." Asked if he has any pictures from it, he is off again, then back with a black leather attache case filled with stills. "Take anything you want."

You make a deal with him: he will trace his professional career while you leaf expectantly through his pix. Later, transcribing the tape, you learn he was born and brought up in Philadelphia, and spent two years at Penn State before transferring to N.Y.U., where he logged three years in the theatre program.

After graduating N.Y.U., he spent a couple of years making rounds in New York, "doing Off-Broadway stuff" and finally appeared as Troilus in "Tiger at the Gates" at Lincoln Center, which netted him an agent. But, mostly, "I was just bangin' my head against the wall. I'd walk into an office for a commercial, in my tie and seersucker suit, and there'd be 20 other guys, lookin' just like me, same suits. This was 1968, and I'd been trvin' to hustle all summer and couldn't even get arrested!"

"And I just thought, 'Oh, shit, what am I doin' in this profession? And I was gettin' ready to drop out and take a lot of acid and go live up in Vermont or somewhere in a commune. I was really starvin', and livin' in a shithole of a place on 12th Street between 2nd and 3rd. I could've written to my parents, but I wasn't into that, especially after all the grief they put me through for bein' an ac-







The menacing side of actor Bruce Davison appears in the shot above, gun in hand and a few words in mind who turns his left rats on the equally ready Elmer Bagnone



tor: 'Come home and get a decent job'

Then, just like in the moon pitches, his commercial agent sent Bruce to see Frank Perry at Allied Artists about some low-budget flick that was going to be filmed on Fire Island. "So I went in an read for him one day, read for him for about an hour with different actors and stuff and it took about two weeks before he finally said 'Okay, you're locked in.' And so were Richard Thomas and Barbara Hershey and Cathy Burns. And the film was called *Last Summer*."

**"I was really starvin', and livin' in a shithole of a place on 12th Street between 2nd and 3rd."**

I remember finally ridin' up in that elevator with all of them, and it was the first shot for all of us, and Frank said 'If they don't take you guys, they don't get me!' And we went up to the 40th floor or something, and I sat up there in that office, waitin' for these big mahoffs and lookin' out the window. And I could see New York. And I says 'By the balls, baby, by the balls!'" It was the high point of his life.

They started shooting in August of 1968 ('The only date I remember cause that was the first one. The others I have no idea. '), and the rest, like the man says, is history. *The Strawberry Statement*, *Willard*, *The Jerusalem File*, *Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me*, *Uzana's Raid*, *Mame* ("the turkey of the year"), and some television: "Hec Ramsey," "The Affair," "Insight" etc. as well as Henry Fonda's all-star production of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial" at L.A.'s Music Center.

Asked about how he likes Hollywood, he sighs, jumps up onto his moccasined feet, and strides energetically around the room, peering into an elaborate aquarium, pausing in front of the huge fireplace, fingering the bright red push-button phone, glancing up at the beamed ceiling. "I'm resigned to it. Yeah, I guess I do like it. But I miss the seasons, that vitality that comes from having cold ears."

'I've been in this house now about two months. I'm just havin' a jacuzzi

built out there." He gestures toward the area beyond the smallish kitchen. "Y' wanna take a look?" Not having the heart to dampen his boyish enthusiasm, up you get, through the kitchen and out the back door, tape recorder in hand. "You get the 50-cent tour, Jerry." He indicates the partially finished wooden framework of the jacuzzi, multiple pipes stretching out like strings of some giant's spaghetti. "This'll be nice! It'll be all redwood!"

Just beyond the back of the house a hill inclines sharply upward, explaining why the front of the house seems to be shouldered so treacherously close to the curb.

"Here's my screening room." He opens the door to a bleak hallway-like room along the north side of the house. "I got a Super-8 that I've done some shootin' with. This place just seats one, but I can squeeze another one in for watchin' porno flicks."

You interrupt his laughter to ask if he's ever gotten into that particular scene. He is thoughtful for a few moments before deciding characteristically, to go again for the joke. "No, not since *Last Summer*. That was it, with ol' Frank Perry yellin' 'Hump harder!' through one of those bullhorns. 'Hump harder!' Hump harder!!!" And Bruce laughs and laughs.

He considers his present lifestyle.

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**"I'm a real moonchild. When it's a full moon, lock me up!"**

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'kind of a struggle between laziness and creative guilt. It's a constant battle between just sittin' in a jacuzzi for three days and callin' Greenblatt's, or gettin' my discipline together where I'll sit down and get to work. Guess you know all about that, being a writer. But I must say I'm really happy livin' like I am now. It gets a bit lonely, but I figure the jacuzzi will solve that. — I mean for friends comin' over, not for myself alone! I could see how that could be misinterpreted!"

Next he wants to take you on a tour of the house, so it's up-and-at 'em time again. To the left of the entranceway his bedroom ("kinda a pigsty"), and beyond it a den where



In the 1969 *Seeger* of the year, *Last Summer*, Davidson burst onto the screen with Richard Thomas and in 1973's *Turkey* of the year, *Mame*, he was the grownup Patrick



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# MELBA

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That skinny little pigtailed girl from "Purlie"  
has gotten her act all together.

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By JEREMY STOCKWELL

**M**elba Moore walked across the plaza at Lincoln Center, headed for our meeting. We had arrived by the same subway and I hadn't even recognized her.

There's a great change from the Lutibelle I saw several years ago in "Purlie." She is still slender, but there is an added air of svelte glamour, an easy chic that radiates from her as she moves and speaks.

After hello's were exchanged I couldn't stand it anymore, so I jumped right in — "How old are you?" She gasps . . . "Ain't that some kind of a way to start an interview?" But, since you ask, I'm 29." She doesn't look it. In fact, she looks, at the same time, quite young and yet ageless; her large, beautiful eyes an immediate attraction. Here is a young lady who has gone a very long way in a relatively short time. If you allow for the fact that it takes a lifetime of experience to be in the right place for that "golden opportunity" to happen.

She was born in New York City on 108th Street, west of Central Park, where she lived until her family moved to Newark when she was nine. Her father was a lounge musician and her mother was a singer. You might say she fit right in. "I started singing in clubs; I never really sang in choirs; school groups, yes, but not in church choirs. Guess I really started in lounges since that was my Dad's connection. And from there I went to the Catskills, to the resort hotels. At the same time I was doing studio work."

"Studio work" is done in a recording studio, singing do-wahs, or la-la's, or whatever, behind a musician



Photo by John Michael Cox Jr

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# SHIRLEY

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You've heard of an overnight success?  
The "Goldfinger" gal lays the real story on us.

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By TOM GARY

"I know I'm a singer — and that's where I'm at" says denim-clad songstress Shirley Bassey, sitting in the spacious living room of her Waldorf Astoria suite. Her large, dark eyes sparkle with a mixture of mature feline wit and little girl charm.

She recalls a question asked the day before by a reporter for *Time*: "Was I going into transcendental meditation, as so many other performers, he asked me." She raises her eyes to the ceiling and pushes her slender fingers into the air. "I mean we're learning all the time — that's our nature — but I'm not going out searching for anything," she adds with the sharp definition of a British accent and an air of certainty that comes with knowing exactly who you are.

Two days later she would open at Carnegie Hall to packed and cheering houses that even the New York monsoon couldn't dampen. But now she was taking a few minutes from her busy rehearsal schedule to reminisce with *IN TOUCH* about herself and the show business she's known.

Had there been any significant changes in the business? "Yes!" she throws her head back and laughs. "It's all closed, hasn't it?" She was referring to the strike of the musicians union that had dimmed the lights along Broadway's "Great White Way," and the sarcasm of her humor made its unmistakable bite even through her carefully fixed smile.

She broke into the business at 16. In her native country — Wales — she sang on weekends in working-men's clubs — the only time during the

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Photo by John Michael Cox Jr.



# THE VISION OF TOM O'HORGAN

A modern day magician jazzes up the stage.

By DAGMAR



**E**yes wide open under arched eyebrows, arms outstretched, his whole body tense, listening to the response from his actors up there on an empty stage, Tom O'Horgan guides them through a difficult scene of "Futz." His rehearsals are always total physical and psychological workouts. He drains his actors, leaves them exhausted and often strangely exhilarated, as they mold a play with

O'Horgan has been called many things by many critics, some unflattering, some insulting, some highly praising. "I don't really read reviews," he smiles. "To me they are simply the impressions of specific people at specific single events. Only I know what my vision looks like. And only I can attempt to convey it to my actors—succeed in conveying it and see my vision become reality on stage. I couldn't care less if everybody hated it, if to me it is what I wanted to create."

O'Horgan is a modern day magician. He not only conjures up images, but seems to have access to an unlimited supply of energy and creativity. The kids who work with him, love him. He is tough, but he is not a tyrant like many other directors who will not allow an actor to think for himself. When a suggestion is given, he will think about it, discuss it with the rest of the group and only then, either reject or accept the proposition.

A rehearsal, especially in the early stages of developing a play, is often very much a session of questions and answers. O'Horgan's direction is made up of a good deal of subtle questions: "Why don't you try it this way? Would it feel right to you to do this at that particular moment? Do you feel what you are saying?"

Acting and feeling are very closely related. If they are not, the result is phyness. Tangible phyness, felt by the audience.

Today almost every rehearsal starts with a "warm-up session," breathing exercises, everybody lying on the floor, relaxing, getting into feeling their bodies. When O'Horgan first started these exercises, nobody had ever heard of such a thing. There were no group therapy sessions yet, no encounters with people in union acting out their emotions. That was way back in the early '60s. And when some actors first tried to "feel the floorboards push up against your bodies," as he instructed them to do, they were amazed and thrilled at the discovery that they actually felt the floorboards pushing!

How did it all start? O'Horgan's

father, a Chicago newspaperman, loved the theater. He exposed his son to this magical world and set the spark that would eventually start the fire.

Tom started out as a boy soprano in church. His favorite pastime then was not the theater yet, but opera. (Watch him direct sometime and you see that he almost "conducts" his players.) He started to play several instruments and one of his hobbies today is the collecting of rare and unusual instruments from all over the world. His downtown loft looks like a mini-museum and a curio shop rolled into one.

When he got into acting he won his first laurels in Second City, the company who finally brought him to Manhattan to stay. He met Ellen Schwiers of La Mama and started to work with her on a fiercely intense level: up to nine plays at a time were in repertory.

Today, his list of credits is truly impressive: from "Hair," his first great success, via "Futz" to "Jesus Christ Superstar," "Lenny," "Sgt. Pepper," the ill-fated "Dude" (he was brought in too late, replacing the initial director, to save the doomed play), "The Leaf People," the movie version of Ionesco's "Rhinoceros" and assorted happenings, among them an open theatre spectacle as a benefit for St. Clement's Church on the west side.

There's no stopping him now. He will return to his first love and stage an opera. In Vienna. Where else?

Photo by Martha Swope







Teddy Naeley shows his stuff in "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (photos top and left by John Cox) and "The Leaf People" (bottom photo by Serge Gubelmann) featured bare-skinned natives.





*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, inspired by the Beatles' music, really let O'Horgan's vision run wild, as these photos by John Michael Cox Jr. show.*







# A STAR IS REBORN

by james spada

the author of 'Barbra: The First Decade'

**W**hen Barbra Streisand became a star in 1964, she was approaching 40.

Not chronologically, of course, since at the time she was actually just 22. But she looked like she was nearing 40. Her hairstyles, her outfits, her makeup were all matronly and more befitting a chanteuse who had seen better days than one whose glory days were just beginning.

One reason was that she was portraying, on Broadway, Fanny Brice, a woman several years older than she was at the time. Another reason was that like Fanny Brice and many of the more mature songstresses of the day, her repertoire consisted of songs more geared toward those who remembered Benny Goodman with fondness than those who were losing control over the Beatles.

Barbra's image was one of maturity, and her first several movie roles, including the widowed Mrs. Levi in *Hello, Dolly!* did little to youthen her in the eyes of the public.

Streisand's first attempt to break away from this mold was her "What About Today?" LP, released in 1969. On this album she performed songs by Lennon and McCartney, Paul Simon, Jim Webb and Buffy Sainte Marie. The attempt wasn't entirely successful, and it certainly didn't propel her into the contemporary rock scene, but it was a start.

By 1970, Barbra Streisand was a movie star, and her film career overshadowed the recording, stage and television aspects of her career. *The Owl and The Pussycat*, her fourth film, was the first in which she

played a fairly believable, contemporary character. And, as she put it, "for the first time, I'm doing without wigs, hairpieces, dyes. It's just going to be me . . . the me that's natural and very today." She did, by the way, wear a fall in the film, but her heart was in the right place.

Barbra continued to play younger and younger, and more and more contemporary, women in films like *What's Up, Doc?*, *Up The Sandbox* and *For Pete's Sake*. Her musical image, however, was lagging behind, and she set out to do something about it.

Her recordings began to reflect her increasing interest in contemporary music. Her single "Stoney End," a Laura Nyro rock number, shot to the top of the pop charts and resulted in an album of similar music. Subsequent efforts like "Barbra Joan Streisand" and "Live Concert at the Forum" continued the trend, but still she wasn't considered by anyone to be at all comparable to pop stars like Laura Nyro, Carole King and Linda Ronstadt.

Today, she seems to have come full circle from her early Broadway days. Now, at 34, she looks 20, dressed in patched jeans, paisley tops, wearing practically no make-up and with a frizzed hairstyle that makes her look, in the words of one observer, like "some strange lioness." And now, for the first time, her recording and movie endeavors are coming together.

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JAMES SPADA is currently at work on an authorized career study of Robert Redford.

Hard on the heels of her latest album, "Lazy Afternoon," which has been in the Top 10 for months and contains songs by Paul Williams, Rupert Holmes and Stevie Wonder (and a hit disco version of "Shake Me, Wake Me"), Barbra is filming the third remake of *A Star Is Born* — with a difference. It will be a rock version, with Barbra playing a Joni Mitchell-type (complete with long hair, jeans and guitar) and Kris Kristofferson playing her lover, a Presley-type on the way down.

The film should help to change her image radically. The character she plays will be soft, shy, gentle, singing lovely, simple ballads with her ever-present guitar. Streisand took guitar lessons, in fact, so she could pull it off.

Barbra and Jon Peters, her lover of the past three years and producer of *A Star Is Born*, have surrounded her with fresh, young musical talent for this film. The songs will be written by Barbra and Kris Kristofferson, and the musical direction will be shared by Rupert Holmes and Paul Williams. If Barbra's effort on her current album, "By The Way," which she wrote with Holmes, is any indication of her music-writing ability, the songs in this film should add a new — and very contemporary — aspect to her already multi-faceted career.

Streisand's ability to change, to allow the times to help shape her image, is part of the reason her popularity has remained so strong for the past 12 years. She seemed wonderful.

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# NEW YORK NEW YORK

By VITO RUSSO

**H**ave you ever noticed that the only people on the roads during a snow-storm are gays travelling to a party? Gays have a unique survival mechanism in times of stress and in New York City it's a good idea to have a sense of humor about the fact that while the city may be falling apart fiscally, it's still the only place in the world where one can squander one's welfare check on a fancy brunch and still get through the week with enough money for cigarettes.

If you're visiting New York this winter, there are some things you should check out and some things you should refrain from checking out. The latter category is small but important.

Much as we appreciate Times Square as the universal symbol of our city, it's a pretty seedy place to be, not unlike the downtown areas of most major cities which are having fiscal troubles. All those movies, from *The Boys in the Band* to *Midnight Cowboy*, which glorify the Times Square area are just movies, kids. Not only is this carnival-like section not where the action is, it's downright lacklustre. Gays do not pick each other up there unless a lot of money changes hands and usually 42nd Street resembles the bus terminal in San Luis Obispo at closing time. New York is a big place. The only reason you should be in the theater district is to go to the theater.

Speaking of theater, we've got quite a season going for us this time

around and if you write in advance for tickets, chances are you can get to see Katherine Hepburn in "A Matter Of Gravity," or even Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton (a first for her) in Peter Schaffer's "Murders." To see shows like "Chicago" or "A Chorus Line," prepare immediately as tickets are now being sold at the boxoffice months in advance.

Some of the other shows you might want to catch-if-you-can are Stephen Sondheim's new musical "Pacific Overtures," set in Japan in 1853, with an all Asian cast, Tom Stoppard's "Travesties" and "The Glass Menagerie" starring Maureen Stapleton at The Circle In The Square.

Although you can go to a movie in your own town, you should really trot up to Radio City Music Hall and see the stage show. We don't know how long it'll be before our finances for such luxuries give out, so if you're here and the Rockettes are kicking away, don't miss a chance to see them and the hilarious Christmas show which runs until Easter (or so it seems). Between the high-kickers and the sheep and the angels coming down from the ceiling, all to the tune of the mighty Wurlitzer, you can't go wrong.

While you're at it, I suppose you really should take that damned boat out to the Statue of Liberty and go up to the top of the Empire State Building, though I don't know why, we never do. It's cold and people keep asking you if you know where

the bathroom is.

For more specifically gay pleasures, I suggest that you see our city by neighborhoods. It's not something people do when they come here but if you take the time to visit different areas, you'll come away with a better appreciation of the incredible diversity of New York City.

Manhattan is a visitor's dream because it does all the work for you. The streets are numbered consecutively so that it's really impossible to get lost and you're really not in any trouble until you reach Greenwich Village where you can ask the first looker you meet and get more than directions — perhaps even a personal escort. Do not be afraid to use the subways and don't worry about walking around late at night. New York is a walking city and you won't be alone.

Greenwich Village offers the most varied and interesting bar scene including a few landmarks like The Stonewall which is opening its famous doors again this winter for dancing in one of the most historic gay spots ever. Along Christopher Street, the heart of the gay ghetto, are bars and shops. The bars are good and very crowded. The shops are overpriced, albeit charming. Don't buy things you can get at home for half the price.

Stop in at Boots And Saddle along this street and say hello to red-headed Dorie Wilson behind the bar. He is co-founder of "This Other Side



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WASH DC RADIO

OFFICE



Of Silence" (TOSOS), New York's only truly gay repertory theater space. You just may be here in time for their production of Joe Orton's "What The Butler Saw" and you'll enjoy relaxing with a beer in one of the least-uptight and friendliest bars in New York.

While we're downtown, if the baths turn you on, try The Club Baths, located just below Greenwich Village on 2nd Street and 1st Avenue. It's far and away the cleanest, friendliest and most complete bath in New York in terms of crowd and facilities. While other baths (notably the once justly famous Continental) have fallen off a bit in recent months, the Club, one of a superb nationwide chain, seems to get better and better. They offer all the essentials plus a few extras like giant color Sony television viewers and the thickest carpeting in the Western Hemisphere. Best of all, the atmosphere is personal and liberated with none of the old slimy, leering exploitation that baths all had some years ago. They even have a garden and a waterfall so you can play footsies under the palms.

A little further uptown, in Chelsea, you'll find that the Village atmosphere has carried over from 14th Street to 27th Street, sporting a string of leather and western bars to rival anything out of Visconti or Disney. They are located along West Street, under the West Side Highway and most of them require that you dress accordingly, although I hear that the Sunday Brunch at The Eagles Nest draws a vast spectrum of gay men and women for an entertaining and fun-filled afternoon.

Also in Chelsea is the downtown version of Ruskay's Restaurant, an art-deco wonder of a place which serves superb food at reasonable prices in a black and silver depression-style diner with a deco replica of the Empire State Building towering outside. It's on 10th Avenue and 22nd Street and you should make a reservation and go. You won't be sorry.

If you'd like a moderately raunchy evening out with friends and you're not the shy type, you might visit the Gaiety Burlesque Theater on West 46th Street just off Broadway. It's right next door to the smash hit "Raisin" and features the only really old-style continuous male strip shows

in the city. It's not Minsky's but what is anymore? If you're not afraid to really let go and yell "take it off" you'll have a good time and maybe even some laughs (they're hard to come by these days).

If your tastes in cabaret run to more traditional shows, you're in the right city. The nightlife in New York has become reminiscent of the Thirties and clubs small and large are open all over town with good music and sometimes great entertainment.

In Greenwich Village, it's Reno Sweeney on 13th Street between 6th and 7th Avenue. Featuring the likes of Alaina Reed, Blossom Dearie, Anita O'Day and Sally Kellerman, this club is slightly expensive but worth it and you can always sit out at the bar and watch the show on closed circuit TV if you're on a budget. Also, feel free to be yourself. They're very liberated.

In the theater district, the best club for dinner and a show is Brothers And Sisters where you can catch a Broadway star downstairs and the chorus line upstairs, singing to each other until the early hours of the morning. If you're a theater nut, this is the place for you.

Uptown on 70th Street, off-Broadway, is The Grand Finale, a club on a grand scale which features people like Lana Cantrell, Chita Rivera, Wavland Flowers and Gotham, a superb gay singing group. Go club-hopping for a few days. It's exciting and not as expensive as you might think.

Wherever you go in New York, you'll see a lot of gay men and women. Talk to them. Ask directions. Ask what's happening. New Yorkers take pride in debunking the myths about our coldness and lack of feeling. We're always in such a rush that people are put off by our speed and never get to know us. We'll slow down for you if you give us the chance. Just act as if you live here all the while you're in town.

Do the things tourists don't usually do. Explore our streets and avenues on the Upper East and West Sides. Don't be afraid of Central Park, go to the zoo and feed the animals. Listen to the music in Washington Square. Come to our island and wear yourself out for a few weeks. You'll be happily and pleasantly exhausted. ●

Vito Russo is a New York-based freelance writer and frequent contributor to IN TOUCH.



Photo by Russell Beam



Photo by John Michael Cox



Photo by John Michael Cox Jr



ABOARD THE  
QUEEN ELIZABETH II

*Cruising*  
*the high*  
**SEAS**

**I**t's always the same," confided a salty old queen, tucking in the sheets, as soon as the anchor comes up, the panties and pants come down. I've been a bedroom steward on passenger liners since the earth started cooling. This is where it's at baby. If you can't get it together on a ship then it's time to buy shares in a dildo factory."

What is it about an ocean cruise that brings out the spirit of adventure? Why is everyone determined to have a good time? Is it because there seems to be a total lack of convention? Bars are open 24 hours a day. The ship's orchestras play until the wee hours of the morning and everyone is turned on to pleasure. The passengers have nothing to do but eat, sleep and make merry.

Just imagine a seven-day trip with no worries. Nothing to do but yours and everybody else's thing. The pursuit of happiness. From the time your cabin steward brings you that early morning cup of coffee until the cabin steward brings you that early morning cup of coffee.

For the first few days you'll be consulting your map to find out where it's all at. Six or seven decks to explore, myriads of places for a cozy tete-a-tete and a warm cabin to finish off the conversation. There is always something to do.

The day starts with "early morning deck sports" with a husky instructor to show you his routine. Chances are he has a much more interesting routine in the evening, but it's rarely on the deck. Join the crowd and find out how he does his thing and then you'll know what to do if he needs any help later in the day.

It's also about this time the crew "swab the deck" with their bare chests glistening in the morning sun. They grin from ear to ear as a dozen pairs of eyes watch them drag their hosepipes across the deck. These are guys who parade the decks at night and they're still dragging it from here to here. Sailors are never really off duty.

The handsome deck officer who conducts the first morning's life boat drill is quite keen to show you where it's at . . . the lifeboat that is. He will also show you how to adjust your life jacket by pulling a few strings here and there . . . all in the line of duty. When he's off duty, you too can pull a few strings and show him where yours is at . . . the cabin that is . . . and hold a very intimate cocktail party for a few new-found friends. Liquor is very cheap on board . . . it's duty free and so are most of the crew.

A sailor is a strange creature. Most of them are forced to spend many days and nights in the close confines of a ship and usually sharing a cabin with a sex-starved shipmate. "Wives" are usually sought amongst the crew and jealously guarded while the ship is at sea.

In the crew's bar, "drag queens" parade about competing for the horny sailors. Beer and whisky is very cheap and the "girls" are free. On an oil tanker or

freighter they have no competition, but on a passenger ship there are the 'bloods' — the passengers — and it's a company policy that they always come first.

If you are the keen "keep fit" type, there are all kinds of deck sports and games during the day and all the fresh air you can breathe. After a sumptuous dinner and the after-dinner show in the lounge, it's time for other sports and everyone is game. It starts off innocently enough as an excuse to "walk off your dinner." Then it becomes a prowl before supper . . . after supper it's banquet. Everyone is hungry and ready to have a ball.

By the time it strikes eight bells (midnight) you've had time to sort out the sheep from the wolves and you're ready to be led like a lamb to your quarters. At midnight they change the watch, and another batch of seamen come off duty, all eager to find a little action topside. And so the daily grind goes on.

Most of the huge trans-Atlantic passenger liners have now been taken out of service for lack of support. Only one or two luxury liners make a regular scheduled crossing from New York to Southampton. It's a six-day voyage and the fares start about \$500 for a one-way crossing, less if you make the round trip. This fare includes all your food and entertainment, both of which are superb. The handsome waiters always serve you generous helpings and if you have the room for it, you can go through the entire menu.

Three orchestras keep you on your toes from dusk to dawn. The theatre runs top-flight movies every day and the bars never close, so it seems, and drinks are usually about double the quantity and half the price as you would pay ashore. The casino on board has roulette, blackjack and one-arm bandits aplenty. Don't forget to keep your eyes on the cards and don't be dazzled by the handsome dealers. One in particular was exceedingly handsome and had a knack of staring you right in the eye as he dealt. It's devastating.

It's possible that Cunard, which runs the QE2 may have its fantastic fare deal operating for 1976. It works this way. You pay one way fare on the QE2 and they will pay 50 per cent of your air fare across the Atlantic. It works in either direction.

So, if you happen to be considering a sea trip to Europe, start off your vacation on the QE2 and arrive relaxed and ready to go, avoiding the "jet lag" which usually lasts three days. Then, when your vacation is over, take the plane back. It's easier to get over "jet lag" in your own pad than in a strange hotel.

If you're worried about sea sickness be re-assured that the two pairs of stabilizers jutting out from the QE2 keep her quite steady as she ploughs through the water. If you do happen to be a little "mal de mer" you'll just have to go to bed and spend a few days under the ship's doctor . . . but wasn't this all part of your nautical plan?

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*Our inimitable astrological writer Roger Asquith recently set sail for his native land aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2, and we told him to take along his typewriter. After all, Roger is well qualified to tell us landlubbers about crossing the high seas. In his younger days, under the nom de plume "Simon de Font," he gave us a classic erotic tale of a sailor at sea called "Sensuous Voyage." What else?*

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In the early '60s, when critics began to talk of auteur movie-making and look back on three decades of American films, the indignant Pauline Kael struck her colleagues a blow below the belt.

In attacking the new breed of auteur critics, she suggested that their infatuation with the macho camaraderie in the western and action films of director Howard Hawks might be nothing more than a betrayal of their own — and at very least — latent homosexuality.

Ms. Kael, of course, had only to survey her coterie of proteges to know the truth about the sexual polarity predominating in her chosen profession. She may also have been right in suggesting that those themes constant in most of Hawks' films have a certain appeal for boys who never quite worked out their relationship with fathers and men to the satisfaction of contemporary society.

But how wrong she was to dismiss Hawks' films by implication as little more than beefcake to titillate soft critics lacking the balls to match her own. The denominator in Hawks' films is a kind of platonic relationship, a deep professional alliance, that is masculine and heterosexual in the best sense of those words, and something quite apart from either homosexual or heterosexual options for intercourse. Those relationships may be the deepest and most enduring of all human relationships and the most productive. Never before have they constituted the greater portion of the total films available to today's audiences.

The great love team of the late '60s and '70s is not some modern parody of Garbo and Gilbert, Gable and Lombard, or Rogers and Astaire. It is Robert Redford and Paul Newman. It is two fugitives running from the posse and depending upon each other for their lives and sanity. It is two cops, who have set up housekeeping in the patrol car that is their home, facing a hostile world together and getting it off in a duet of magnum force and bumper bumping.

Screenwriter Robert Kaufman, who wrote last year's cop twosome, *Freebie and the Bean* and the

forthcoming con men coupling, *Harry and Walter Go To New York*, recently coined a name for it. He calls these adventures of dynamic male duos "homosocial comedies." Short of apocalypse spectacles and shark tales, they are the best business going in Hollywood.

Nothing about the phrase sets it apart so well as the fact that it doesn't really mean anything. It implies that the star characters are from the same social class, which they need not be. It can be more interesting when they are not. They are of the same sex, but the phrase emphasizes that while they may be locked in a marriage of convenience and common cause on the screen, they have all of the ties of togetherness excepting intromission and conception. Well, maybe a little

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## male bonding in the movies

# PALS

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By DAMON WEST

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locker room grab-ass now and then, but no more than that.

Newman and Redford, in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* and *The Sting*, are really operating as husband and wife," says Kaufman. "But then the audience has always loved to see two schmucks in trouble arm in arm. Laurel and Hardy, Hope and Crosby, Abbott and Costello, Tracy and Gable, Krazy Kat and Ignatz Mouse."

How is it that Redford and Newman have become a more winning team than Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon?

Well, remember how the old Hollywood formula dictating respectable courtship and essential matrimony — boy meets and loses and gets girl — robbed every story of the greater share of its playing time? I mean, Walter and Greer had to meet and have their misunderstandings and check in with the county

registrar before they could discover radium.

The winning of the West had to detour and encamp while lawfully wedded pioneer couples bore fine American sons and daughters and got them married off, one by one, to future historymakers. All the while, their temples turned ever so slightly gray.

Films were at once compulsively heterosexual and hypocritically chaste. Every great story had to recess for the official sermonettes reaffirming the strength of unbroken cheries, matrimony and strong family bonds.

That world has changed in many, many ways. Our crowded and polluted planet, encouraged by the goals of zero population growth, places less and less stock in the large cohesive family. If Granny isn't out at the Stardust Ballroom, balling with the seniors, she's been banished to some senior citizen's concentration village.

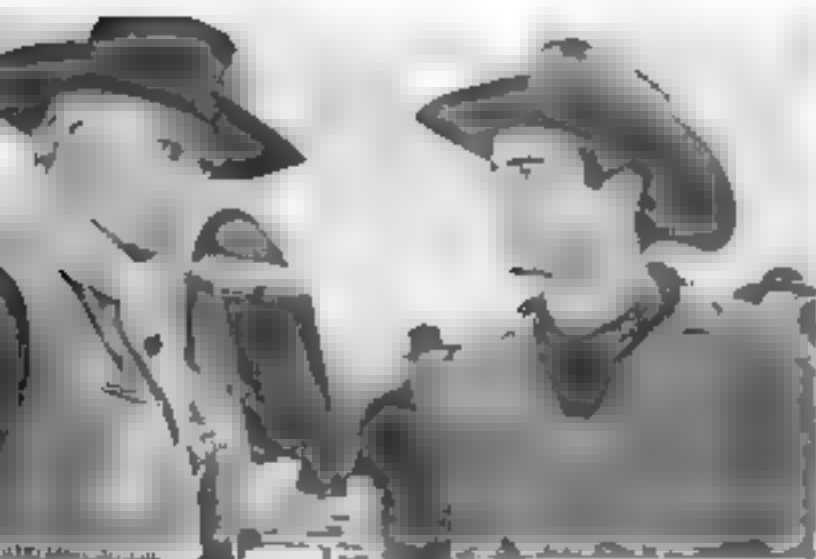
The Pill, IUD and legalized abortion have reduced the large number of marriages of inconvenience. "Nice girls" need no longer be dumb or inexperienced. Consumers demand all merchandise be tested first.

Women's Liberation has sought to redefine the role of women in society, often provoking stronger reactions than actions. No one seems too clear what the new woman is suppose to or has got to be. But it isn't the virgin next door, an aproned mama or Greer Garson. Neither male nor female writers for the theater screen are having an easy time deciding who today's woman is, though a few lady writers have managed to deal convincingly with contemporary women in television films.

In the years of this country's building and growth, the predominantly rural man and wife worked closely together, each in a fairly rigidly defined role, tilling the soil and harvesting crops and infant future farmers. In the modern day, the doctrine of separate, different but equal roles has taken over. New "life styles" proliferate, styles that don't necessarily involve the "opposite sex" or the roles of spouse and parent.

The "office wife," the executive or politician's secretary — the

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."



In Howard Hawks' "Red River" (top) John Wayne and Montgomery Clift were the male duo; Laurel and Hardy (center) were always sleeping with each other, and in Columbia's upcoming "Harry & Walter Go To New York" (bottom) the "homosocial comedy" goes on with Elliot Gould (left) and James Caan as the closest of friends.

Rosemary Woods — are much more intimately involved, more aware of the man's job and destiny than most wives will ever be. Most often, for such a secretary, there is sacrifice and frustration involved. The man has both public approbation and a separate personal life, while she compromises her own.

As wives are less than ever in the shadow of their husband's lives and work, the kinship of men allied in a profession is more important than ever. It was always important — valuable and creative. Richard Strauss said it: "Man's work is his true life." Psychologist Theodor Reik echoed, "Work and love — these are the basics." Goethe amplified it: "Our friends show us what we can do."

At its heart is that love called friendship, which has been described as a disinterested commerce between equals. That is the substance of most of the Howard Hawks films, which have always been more than the macho boozing, brawling and off-duty tart wrestling. Just in case that offends some Women's Libber, it should be noted that the women in Hawks' films are among the most independent and individual in films.

Hawks' theme of "male bonding" began with *A Girl In Every Port* in 1928. Hawks has candidly described it as "really a love story between two men." Hawks has said that he owes his interest in such male relationships to 1937's *Captains Courageous*, directed by his friend and fellow carouser Victor Fleming.

It would seem more likely to owe a debt to the adventures of Quirt and Flagg in the classic *What Price Glory?*, made in 1926 by Raoul Walsh, the only other director quite in Hawks' league as an adventurer.

In the simplest of these men at sea and men on the battlefield films, the woman is either a "sexy skirts" to be lifted on furlough or an aggressive intruder who is keeping the guy from his work and his best performance. One member of the team may jealously do his best to bust up his buddy's heterosexual liaisons, as happens in *A Girl In Every Port*, but there is no clear homosexual implication. It's just that a pal doesn't want his buddy to get screwed up so he can't excel at his work.

The clearest suggestion of homosexuality in a Hawks' film is the role of Kid in *Only Angels Have Wings*. This character, having pointedly little interest in women,

worships the flyer played by Cary Grant. Perhaps you would too.

However, most gays identify more with the veteran-novice, father-son relationships of Hawks' *Red River* with John Wayne and Montgomery Clift or *The Big Sky* with Kirk Douglas and Dewey Martin.

The Book of John says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend(s)." *The Big Sky* proposes a greater sacrifice. Dewey Martin marries the Indian girl that Kirk Douglas loves so that he can retain the ties of friendship with the wandering Douglas.

Hawks' concern with comic sex role reversals brought about two of his happier hits. *His Girl Friday* was a remake of "The Front Page" with Rosalind Russell as the tough editor. And then there was Cary Grant in *I Was A Male War Bride*.

The glamorous romantic anguish of the old movies is rarely possible any longer. Gone are the days of the *New Yorker* cartoon showing two women watching a movie wedding scene and commenting knowingly.

This was the big rape scene in the novel.

Films can no longer show a couple entering a bedroom door, cut to the pounding surf on the beach below and then the contented looks of the couple over a sunrise breakfast.

Audiences are conditioned to demand what passes for the truth. If a couple walks to that bedroom door now, the camera is going to have to follow them through. Zap! We've got a sex film. The resulting clinical realities, neither glamorous nor titillating in the context, clutter up the story just as surely as the amenities of courtship and contracts used to. Too, there are all kinds of groups whose job it is to worry about just who is exploiting whom in such movie lusts.

If the gorgeous couple does not get their bare buns and colored lights pumping, the audience is just as apt to hoot and summon their worst parlor psychology to jump to all sorts of presumptions about the sexual inadequacies of the characters.

What the Hell! It's easier just to go off on some funsome frolic with two loveable overgrown kids of the same sex. It has a nostalgic appeal to the boyhood, backlot memories of us all.

Studies made during the early rock music years indicated that pre-teen girls who creamed over pretty, long-

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discovery



# the sidewalk surfer

dana o'orian




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**"You get what you've got by giving what you had . . ."**

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**Y**ou're strolling down Hollywood Boulevard enjoying the familiar limbo of the surroundings when suddenly, a lightning flash of gleaming metal and sinewy muscle overwhelms you and then almost as instantly disappears!

Chances are it was Dana O'Brien (who recently turned 19) just "kickin' along" on his superb skateboard defying every law of balance and probability at once. You've seen it — but incredulously, you don't **QUITE** believe it; so it isn't surprising how the combination of Dana on his skateboard is almost legendary in Hollywood.

Dana left the surf-swept beaches of his native Florida about half a year ago and plunged headlong to the forefront of the social rank and file of the Glamour Capitol. Undaunted by his popularity, he hopes to enter professional skateboard competition soon.

Right now his main concern is the serious pursuit of a career in modelling. Photographers and editors already recognize his remarkable photogenic qualities, and anyone else with their eyes-in-straight can see

that this exciting young man is definitely on his way to the top.

"You get what you've got by giving what you had . . ." Dana proclaims as he stares intently into the mirror. A natural athlete, he is never afraid to cast the critical glance at himself or exact rigorous demands toward the further perfection of his already superbly defined physique. And yet O'Brien is not your typical "body beautiful."

He admits to a certain amount of vanity but is intelligent and perceptive enough to mold this into a power-packed self assertion. Independence, a compelling amount of enthusiasm and of course that thoroughly loveable trace of "rustic" mannerisms and wit make Dana an outlandish charmer. His Irish temper and competitive spirit allow him never to concede to one-upmanship. Beyond this, his appealing Southern languor reveals a winning sensitivity.

The final impression you get is as if Botticelli had put aside his brushes for a moment and collaborated with "Hang Ten." And that's the essential Dana O'Brien.

—JOHN BAYLIN

Photography by Layne Nielson





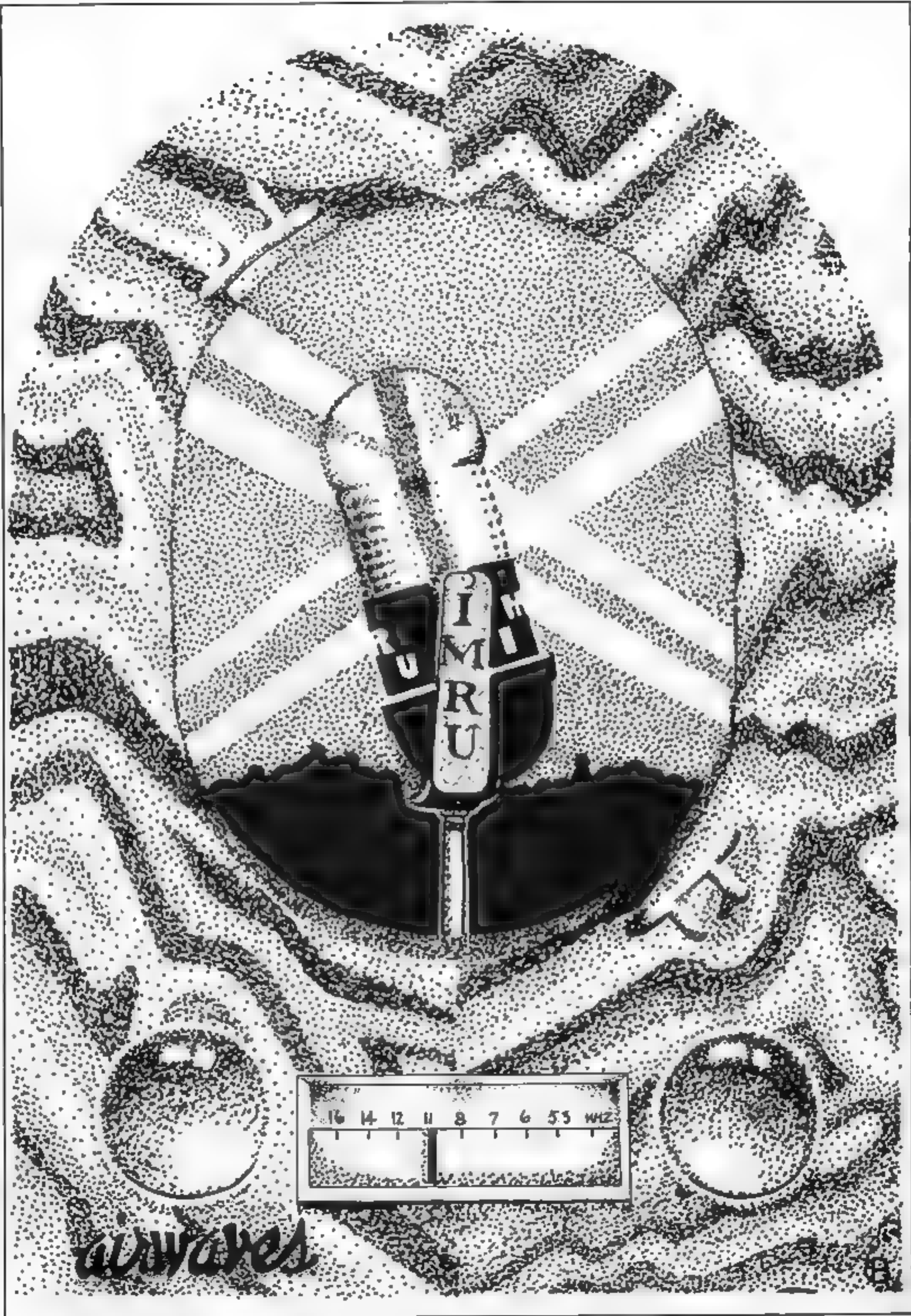




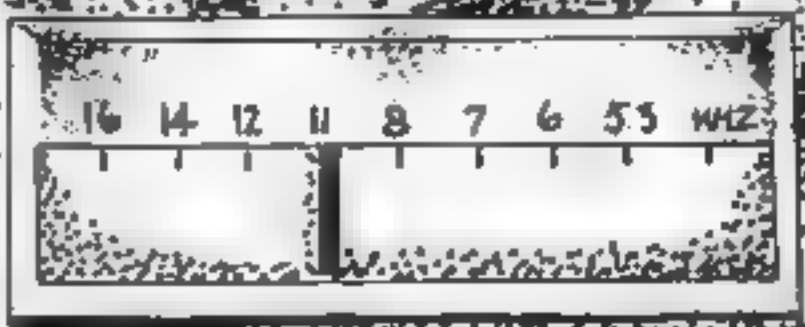








**airwaves**



# BOY, HAS RADIO CHANGED!

By BARNABY SHACKLEFORD

The green light shining in the alley outside 1 M R U, L.A.'s gay radio station, did not call "The Great Gatsby" to mind.

Instead, it was reminiscent of Raymond Chandler and the many times Philip Marlowe was bopped on the head while poking about in similarly murky places.

The menace this time, however, was not from heroin besotted thugs, but from the constabulary itself.

Because beyond the metal night door, beyond the admittance buzzer, beyond the exceptional security, the gay radiocollective was preparing part two of an historic interview with a gay policeman.

Everyone connected with the production of "An Unlikely Cop" expected L.A.'s ubiquitous and homophobic Police Chief to make an unscheduled appearance.

In L.A., Police Chief Ed Davis is affectionately known, to gays and straights alike, as "Crazy Ed," a sobriquet earned through years of spectacularly irrational behavior.

At the least, it was assumed everyone going in or out of the station was being photographed by telephoto lens. Since 1 M R U borrows facilities from Pacifica's K P F K (which, on its own, is high on Crazy Ed's list), it wasn't an overly paranoid assumption.

As a result, the atmosphere inside the station was a curious mixture of French Resistance and Johnny Carson.

The small technical staff rushed about suffering from a classic case of pre-production panic.

Producer Greg Gordon, though at the center of the confusion, took a few minutes to conduct *IN TOUCH*

on an impromptu tour.

In a makeshift newsroom, writer Robert Orndorff was translating last minute news from German (1 M R U., with virtually no funds, features an wide range of international gay news.)

Orndorff immediately handed the copy to newscaster Jerry Trowbridge who worked it into that evening's program.

And in a back room, K P F K staffer Lucia Chappelle, 1 M R U.'s "token black dyke," was attending to technical details.

But a cop, likely or otherwise, was nowhere in sight.

Gordon explained that the interview was on tape. However "Michael" (not his real name) was waiting in a nearby apartment to answer listener's questions via cordless microphone.

"If the L A P D is really watching," Gordon said, "we don't want them to see anything."

Seeing is believing. But sometimes hearing is also believing. And, if they were listening that evening, the L A P D. got an earful.

"Michael" was candid about the homophobia that's rampant in most police departments.

In particular, he described the extraordinary lengths the Vice Squad often goes to in order to entrap gays (yes, Virginia, there is entrapment).

On one occasion "Michael" was dressed in tight white pants and sneakers, wired for sound and sent into a tea room to lure unsuspecting, cruising gays. (He had been assured by his superiors that the tight pants and sneakers would make him irresistible.)

On that occasion, the "Unlikely Cop" was also an unwilling one. He

was forced to use facial signals to ward off proposals.

During the question period, "Michael" advised gays in similar situations to avoid panic and quietly insist on their rights.

In addition to the "Unlikely Cop" the program featured an interview with female impersonator Craig Russell ("to do Diana Ross, darling, you need 88 teeth") and a production feature culled from Chief Davis' nuttier pronouncements called "Crazy Ed."

The remarkable thing about 1 M R U. is that it's good. It's a fast-paced program produced to professional standards. Being gay isn't enough. Apparently, you also have to have talent.

Though the Gay Radio Collective sounds like a group of gay Marxists, Gordon emphasized that the group is non-political.

A direct descendant of Morning Glory's "Gay at Heart" (also heard over K P F K) 1 M R U. has been in production for a little more than a year.

During that time, an impressive array of Gay personalities have appeared on the program.

The Reverend Troy Perry, "male actress" Charles Pierce, Michael Kearns ("The Happy Hustler"), L.A. County Supervisor Ed Edelman and many others have journeyed to North Hollywood to share their views with L.A.'s large gay population.

In fact, Gay Radio seems to be very much an idea whose time has come.

Berkeley's "Fruit Punch", Boston's "Gay Way," and New York's "Radio Free Faggotry," are all part of the movement from the closet to the air.





# GALLERY OF RISING STARS

## WHAT DID YOU SAY TO A NAKED WAITER?

By JEREMY HUGHES

**F**or obvious reasons, Bill Quinn's recent stage appearance at Hollywood's Meeting House Cabaret in "What Do You Say to a Naked Waiter?" attracted a good deal of attention — which was exactly as he planned it. He freely admits "It was just a matter of pure exhibitionism. My last affair broke up a year ago, and I've been living alone, not seeing many people, and I just wanted to get out and start meeting people."

The point was to work as actual waiters on the floor and then go up on the stage and strip. We'd stand there with our backs to the audience and they'd have to guess, by applause, who was best hung. It was always a big surprise when I turned around! But then, one Friday night ten cops walked in and dragged us away to the slammer. Ten cops? 40 cops! Can you imagine what that cost the city of Los Angeles?

And the other thing that pissed me — and I wish *IN TOUCH* would print this — is that they did not handcuff the producer. So, when they bust people, and they tell you that they have to cuff you, even for traffic stuff, it's not the law. It's purely discretionary! And it really pissed me off that they handcuffed all us employees but did not handcuff the producer. I thought that sucked!"

Bill Quinn's is not that unusual a Hollywood story, but rarely have the facts of that saga been revealed with such candor, at least not for the pages of an international magazine. True, past interviews with "Rising Stars" in

these pages have hinted at some of the more unsavory aspects of trying to make it against Tinsel Town's overwhelming odds, but more often than not they were filtered through rosier-colored, if not younger, glasses.

For nearly half his 30 years, Quinn has been utterly on his own. An Air Force brat, he was born in New York City ("August 16th . . . Leo with Gemini rising . . . and the moon in Scorpio . . . It's a fucked chart") to a father of Irish peasant stock and a mother of French and German descent who numbered among her ancestors the founder of Brown University. "We moved to wherever my father was stationed. I must have logged close to 400,000 miles by the time I graduated high school in Augsburg, West Germany. To this day, travel turns me off."

There is no longer any Quinn family unit. Mother was drowned five years ago. Father recently retired, as a Colonel, and is living the good life in Orlando. Eighteen-year-old brother Kevin has settled down at Disney World.

Bill, here in Hollywood, is now acting as surrogate father to 15-year-old sister Theresa, who was adopted and brought into the family when four days old. "My mother and father never really cared for her," Bill maintains. "When my father retired, he wanted to stick her in a home, but I said 'Send her to me, I want her!' I'd been trying to get her out of that house since she first came to us!"



The peripatetic life does not always provide the best of formal educations, so when you ask Bill about his schooling there is a hesitancy before he responds, almost with a believe-it-or-not attitude, that "I was gonna be a business lawyer. I always felt more comfortable with the social sciences and history, being more interested in people than anything else. But my father was too cheap to let me go to college. I started putting myself through C.C.N.Y. in the fall of 1963. But I got the acting bug and dropped out."

One's initial impression of Bill is of a kind of lightness, a quietness of voice and presence, a wary vulnerability. He answers questions slowly and carefully, hesitating often in the manner of the self-taught to find the exact word or phrase that will most accurately set forth a feeling or point of view. His jewelry-free hands are a study in perpetual motion, his eyes veiled but steady, his knees pressed closely together. But he pulls no punches. As Lillian Gish inspired the description "iron butterfly," Bill Quinn might be considered a "velveteen vulture."

When he dropped out of C.C.N.Y. it was to join the Herbert Bergoff Studio in Greenwich Village and study with the renowned Uta Hagen. "What I was doing in those days was taking acting classes and hooking to pay for them!" His laugh, not heard frequently, is derisively explosive. "Finally, somebody helped me get a job for the '68 season at The

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# RICHARD ZACHARRY

*small town boy in supercity*

By JEREMY STOCKWELL

**R**ichard Zacharry, to quote from the program of his nightclub act, "was born in Small Town, U.S.A. He grew up barefoot with freckles, frogs in his pockets, poison ivy and forty hours of television a week. Yet he had an enormous curiosity about, 'What's over that there hill?' . . . So, he decided to leave the comforts of his small town and travel to Super City where he was sure everyone must know who they are and what they are doing. Yes. He would discover himself in Super City, U.S.A."

And he did. And now Super City — the Big Apple, that is — is in turn discovering Richard Zacharry, the young man with the big smile who has charmed audiences in such shows as "Grease," "The Boy Friend," and "Oh! Calcutta!," and appeared on television in "Another World," "Somerset" and "The Secret Storm."

He has spent the past months perfecting his own nightclub/cabaret act, which is very personal and which he calls, quite simply, "Zacharry." Here, in this interview, he tells his own story.

Richard: Well, I guess we'll start in Akron, Ohio. Born in Akron. Always wanted to go into Broadway theatre from the time I was a little kid. Did my first thing when I was seven years old — I went to a Catholic school, and on a stormy day when we were all together one of the nuns asked if anyone wanted to do anything. And I jumped up and ran to the piano and did an imitation of Jerry Lee Lewis singing "Great Balls of Fire." It was totally automatic. I couldn't even play the piano.

In Touch: What did the nuns think

of "Great Balls of Fire?"

Richard: I think that they were so astounded that they enjoyed it. From there I was always in the school show wherever I was. Then I got a scholarship to Weathervane Theatre, also in Akron. It's a community theatre. And then directing and acting in college. And then John Kenley of the Kenley Players saw me dance in "Carousel" and asked if I would like to audition for his summer theatre. I did, and he hired me. The first thing I did for him was "Kismet" with Gordon MacRae. It was a real operation. It's one of the major summer stock theatres in the U.S., and always sold out. Then there was "Oklahoma" with Robert Horton, which I enjoyed a lot. Then "Bells Are Ringing" with Edie Adams and "South Pacific" with Florence Henderson.

In Touch: What happened during your first year in New York?

Richard: The first year was incredible. I went to grad school and did hundreds of odd jobs — night auditor at the Beaux Arts Hotel, hat check boy at the Riverside Plaza, host at Ratner's Restaurant, waiter at Your Father's Moustache . . . all the high points. Then I went out for summer stock again and did "Half A Sixpence" with Noel Harrison. I was one of the characters who hung around with Noel's character, and I had the setups to most of his jokes. And one night in the song I sang the punch line to his joke instead of the straight line. He looked at me with this very confused look on his face and finally said "You're right" and then went on with the song. When summer stock was over and I got

back to New York I moved out of the East Village, got out of school and started pursuing my New York career.

In Touch: When was this?

Richard: This was 1969, when I started to get serious. The first show that I did was "Georgy," the musical version of "Georgy Girl." It was a beautiful artistic success that lasted four performances.

In Touch: How many shows have you been in in New York City?

Richard: Four Broadway shows. "Georgy," "The Boy Friend," "Oh! Calcutta!," which I did for six months, and "Grease" for six months.

In Touch: Do you find it difficult in New York right now?

Richard: No. I've been very busy for the past two years. I went straight from "Oh! Calcutta!" into "Grease" with no break and when I finally got out of it I decided that I really didn't want to perform on Broadway for a while. It was time for me to do my own thing — I didn't know what it was going to be, but I felt a change was necessary.

In Touch: What are you trying to do now?

Richard: Well, it's changing a lot. What I'm trying to do with "Zacharry" now is approach it like an off-Broadway show. I've been planning three different acts. I want to bring in writers and set up scripts with different sorts of songs, maybe do one show of Stevie Wonder numbers mixed with Melissa Manchester, that sort of thing. Another song I like to do is Kim Milford's "Porno Movies."

In Touch: How did you find your



backup group, the Sprites?

Richard: The two girls who were originally supposed to do the act were at the last minute cast in a tour of "Jesus Christ Superstar." So I was left without a group, with only a week to go. I asked my friends for suggestions, and the first two girls I called were Sheila Crews and Irene Datcher. They came over and auditioned for me. There was an immediate rapport between us, and they were fantastic singers, so I hired them. Aren't they incredible?

In Touch: Yes, they are. Tell me, where did you first perform your act?

Richard: I was going to Puerto Rico to do ads for the tourist bureau. And I met this girl who had a television show, her name was Judy Gordon. She had seen me in two shows. And at this party she said hello and asked me if I wanted to be on TV. I said yes. But, Puerto Rican television is very funny. When they start a show the camera starts with your head and pans all the way down your body and then all the way back up to your head, it's hysterical.

In Touch: You call your show "Zacharry," what kind of name is that?

Richard: I got it from a numerologist. It's close to my real name, but I felt like there was a definite change in my life, and this woman I go to, well, we worked together for a long time and finally came up with "Zacharry."

In Touch: What do you want to accomplish with it?

Richard: Movies. I've been wanting to get to California. But I want to have a vehicle, my own vehicle. So I decided to get this act together. This is what I've really been concentrating on. It's a statement about my life, something I've wanted to do for several reasons. And it's a personal thing, almost a new concept. I have tried to tell the story of my life and feelings through the selection and arrangement of the songs and dialogue. It's almost a revue, like a Bette Midler "Clams on the Half-Shell." And it needs that much backing and a very professional production. And I'd just like the world to know that I'm getting ready, and that it won't be long. The people that I have been working with have been really wonderful and that is how I have been able to pull the show together — it's finally started happening.

And what's happening? The act is dynamite! In a scaled-down version that was previewed at The Grand Finale, Zacharry and the Sprites captured a very tough audience.

The ladies, both black, slender, attractive, hair in corn rows, and dressed in simple beige dresses. Zacharry, in fringed leather vest, no shirt, rough-out chaps over cut-off Levi's, and boots with fur tied around the tops — he looks like a Toby drawing with a backup group.

They started slowly, slipping into our hearts with "I want to be somebody's baby." And anyone who can sing like that should just about have his pick of babies . . . Then there was "Something's Coming Up," "Traveling Boy," and "Dayton, Ohio" setting a beautiful tone to this personal odyssey, so the pace could be changed with "Lady Luck," a "raunch and roll" tune, bringing guts and razzmatazz at the same time.

Zacharry was lively, lyrical, and even outrageous — doing "Queen of the Roller Derby" on roller skates and bringing the house down. It was a very professional show backed by the Zoron Rock Orchestra (a new group formed for the occasion), eight very talented musicians under the extremely imaginative hand of Ron Frangipane.

Then there was "Little Bit Of Love," "Mandy," "Just Too Many People," and several other numbers Zacharry sang, talked, camped a little, and smiled, a lot. And may I say he has one of the nicest smiles I've seen on a performer. It seemed to originate from a genuine enjoyment of what he was doing. He was altogether charming. Remember charm? It was great to see it again. As it will be great to see Zacharry again in this new act. I imagine he will be just as successful at this as he has been at other things in the past.







# YOUNG & INNOCENT

By JEREMY STOCKWELL

## jim faber





An attractive young man whom you would find yourself staring at without realizing it, Jim Faber opened the door, smiled, and said "Hi I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are."

I was thinking the exact same thing about him while I told him who I was and that I was there to interview him. I also found myself hoping he wasn't just another handsome face without a brain behind it. My prayers were answered.

Not only did he possess good looks and youth, but intelligence, charm, and a great deal of warmth. And, I suspect, a good deal of talent. I couldn't have been more pleasantly surprised (that'll teach me). So come along and find out what I did about this rising star.

He was brought up in the Midwest, where he lived until he was 18 or 19. "Then I went back and forth between Wisconsin and California about three times. I couldn't stay in California because I didn't feel I was really ready for it."

So he went to college where he studied art and drama. "I was going to be an architect." But soon he changed, briefly, to fashion design, even going to the fashion houses in Los Angeles to show his sketches. "But all they said was that I should finish school and come back in a couple of years."

"And you're not going to believe this, I know I didn't, but the next year when the new lines came out I saw that a number of the new designs had been taken from my sketches. It was very hard to accept until I realized that the one positive thing about it was that it meant my designs were good enough to be manufactured. Otherwise I could see the fashion world only as a ripoff, which I guess it really is. It's very rough. And, now, I don't think that I could have ever played the games it would be necessary to play."

He continued school, even working as a window decorator for three years until he decided he was really interested in the theatre.

"It was something I had been putting off for a long time, wanting to live a 'normal' life and all that. Like, I used to sing a lot, I'm just now taking lessons again, but in the Midwest a career in the theatre or singing is not a favored profession among parents. They want their children in something 'solid.' It

seems very archaic to me that our country still entertains these beliefs, but lots of people do. Anyway, at last I decided I wasn't happy and that I wanted to at least give myself a chance at getting into theatre. So I moved to San Francisco and lived there about three years before moving to New York about a year ago."

Faber came to New York to do Ken Gaston's production of the play "Hustlers." "It wasn't the greatest play in the world, but it put me back on stage, where I hadn't been since college, and was helping me rebuild by confidence. When you tell yourself for so long that you're not going to be an actor, it takes a lot to get back up there and try it again."



"Hustlers" was a play that was never really finished. It's the story of a young man from Pennsylvania who comes to New York, gets involved in the gay life, falls in love, and lives happily ever after.

"It was the biggest farce that ever existed, but it was fun doing. I would never do it again. I was the innocent kid. I've been lucky, looking young and innocent." Do you mean that you're not? "No. Basically I am. I think my Midwest background will stick with me the rest of my life. It used to bother me, looking young; it doesn't anymore. Like anything else it has its advantages and disadvantages, you just have to learn to accept them and use them properly. Then it's good."

"Hustlers" opened in Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston before coming to New York City, where it only played for about three weeks. "At the same time 'P.S. Your Cat Is Dead' was also playing. And one or two other plays with gay themes. 'Hustlers' was not a very good play; 'P.S. Your Cat Is Dead' was — but neither one of them lasted very long."

He spent this past summer working in one of the Music Fairs in the summer theatre circuit, where he got into the production end of the business along with acting. "It's been very good for me because I've met a lot of people like Angela Lansbury and Mitzi Gaynor. They're people who bring out the best in actors because of the quality of their own performances. Angela Lansbury is an absolutely lovely woman, there's no other way to say it."

At the same time he was performing with a small theatre group, working on a production of Genet's "The Maids," an extremely complicated work dealing with the conflict between fantasy and reality. He has been doing the part of "Claire," and if you're not familiar with "The Maids," it bears looking into.

As for current directions — "I'm not going to eliminate any possibility, acting or singing. I'm doing what I want to do, and it's really wonderful to be in a profession that you enjoy, even if you have to try hard to get started, which is what I am doing with movies, with auditions."

And ten years from now? "I want to be much more 'together' in all fields. I feel that I am now at the bottom and beginning to start on my way. In ten years I will probably hit, or try to hit, the peak of a career. And that will be the bottom of another peak."

"I used to be a radical youngster, thinking so many of the older generation's ideas were wrong. But, as everyone must, you learn as you grow up, and realize that change is not good just because it is quickly effected — it must be intelligently done. So, I am much stronger now personally, than I was then, and better able to fulfill myself, and in the process entertain or give joy to others."

"That sounds very philosophical, but I do think people should be able to enjoy themselves — with no one being hurt." ○



By LYN PEDERSEN

**E**arly last year, the National Council of Churches politely declined to admit the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, popularly known as MCC or "the Gay Church," to membership on technical grounds that an affiliate denomination must have at least 50 congregations with a total membership of at least 15,000 — a goal MCC was not then far short of.

It remains to be seen whether the National Council will now come up with new excuses. In August, 1975, delegates from 85 different MCC congregations, missions and study groups, scattered from Australia to Nigeria, converged on Dallas, Texas for the Fellowship's sixth and largest General Conference.

This writer confesses to having been quite disturbed seven years ago when I heard the first reports of the formation of MCC in Huntington Park, a suburb southeast of Los Angeles. In response to an adver-

tisement in the *ADVOCATE*, twelve people had met in the livingroom of Rev. Troy Perry, a handsome young minister who had lately been excommunicated by his Pentecostal church and divorced by his wife when he came up-front about his gayness.

Troy had been present in the historic August 1968 raid on the Patch, a Wilmington (Port of Los Angeles) bar. The raid had turned into a "flower power" raid by gays on the Harbor Police Station, and afterward Troy was deeply moved by the plaint of his date-of-the-night (who'd been arrested) that "Nobody cares anything about us homosexuals — not even God."

After much soul-searching, Troy decided that God's love was not open only to heterosexuals. Knowing how gays were frozen out of most churches, he decided that someone had to take the message of God's love directly to the gay community.

The editors of the *ADVOCATE* — a paper then in its infancy — had

also been present at that raid. The paper carried the first advertisement which drew some of those initial twelve people to Troy's house. I was an occasional writer for the *ADVOCATE* at that time, and was deeply offended by the ad, feeling, wrongly, that "this was just the sort of thing the gay community doesn't need."

**Can Leaders Afford  
To Be Wrong?**

I don't mind admitting that I was wrong. In 23 active years in the gay movement, I've been wrong several times. The Rev. Jim Sandmire, current pastor of MCC-LA (he took over the "mother church" pulpit from Lee Carlton, who followed to the pastorate when founder Troy Perry became general administrator of the Fellowship. Carlton has since gone on to found five churches and missions in Australia and New Zealand) in recent sermon said that gay leaders oughtn't be too squeamish about admitting when they are wrong.

I was certainly wrong about my

first reactions to MCC. I had strongly opposed the formation, 12 years earlier, of the similar Church of ONE Brotherhood, founded by Charles Rowland, just as I had opposed (by resigning from ONE Incorporated) Chuck's 1954 proposal to found a project similar to the Gay Community Services Center.

I of course like to think that I have been generally forward-looking in my 23 years in the gay movement, but in mid-1954 I resigned from ONE Incorporated over my opposition to Chuck's proposed Walt Whitman Guidance Center — arguing that ONE had enough to do putting out the monthly magazine it had begun (the first American gay magazine to be published regularly and sold openly) in January 1953.

Chuck eloquently described the scores of young Gays arriving daily in this "Gay Mecca" and quickly falling prey to vice cops, hustlers or selfish Johns. He wanted someone down at Greyhound daily to scoop them off the busses and set them on the road to a healthy, ethical gay life. The project of a "halfway house" was clearly premature, something the authorities would not have allowed in those days, still I can hardly now justify my extreme opposition. I helped bury the project, something I can hardly be proud of today, even if I remain certain that "it couldn't have worked" in 1954.

Chuck was the fourth member to join the original Mattachine in Los Angeles in November 1950 — though he became so active he was soon regarded as the Foundation's co-founder.

#### The Crusaders

When Mattachine began holding some meetings at First Universalist Church (8th & Crenshaw) about the time I started to attend, Chuck helped organize a sub-rosa gay group at the Church, posing as a Church youth group. The Crusaders met for several months, and held a couple large socials, then faded out when Mattachine turned conservative and expelled its founders.

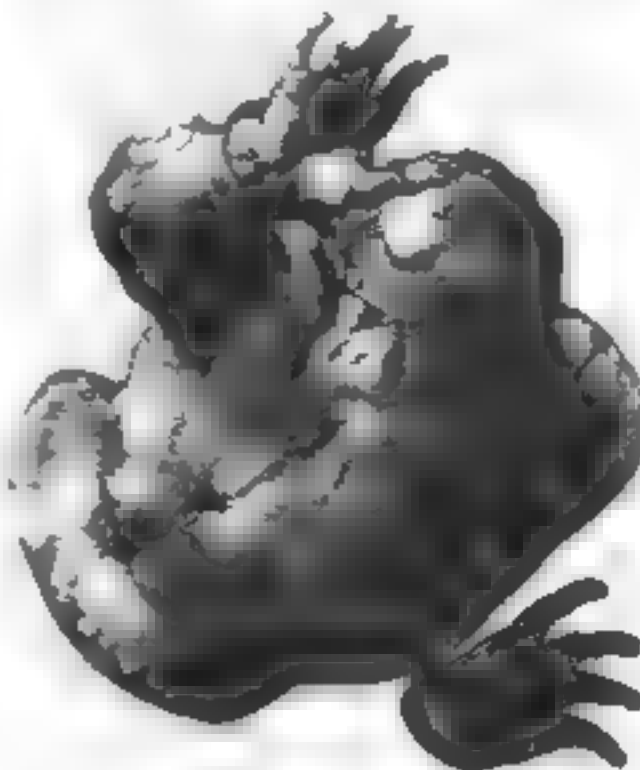
Chuck later served as an early editor of ONE Magazine and afterward first as ONE's Circulation Manager, then as Social Services Director. (I went with him to Mexico City to try to start a

ONE/or/Mattachine group there.) We became quite close and seemed to share the view that the Churches were the enemy of all scientific progress — and that hope for homosexuals came chiefly from science.

Chuck's next big project, and his last big splash in the gay movement came just after I'd outlined to him an anti-religious novel I was working on, and in the following months, I felt that he had "borrowed" some of my fictional ideas.

#### Cries Of Distress

At ONE's January 1956 business meeting both editor Ann Caril Reid and I proposed that, since so many people were coming to us with desperate religious problems, ONE



should do something to make it easier for religious homosexuals to live with themselves. Few members of ONE's staff were formally religious, though there were several ex-clergymen in our circle. We proposed a series of Sunday morning gatherings where each such ex-ministers might do whatever he considered appropriate — hold a prayer meeting, hear confessions, give a lecture, whatever.

Chuck, who I thought was offended by the whole discussion, moved to table the motion. A few nights later he organized ONE's Friday night work committee into the Church of ONE Brotherhood. A few weeks later ONE's board (very hostile by then) was invited to commune with the new church.

Thirty-five people were in

Chuck's home that night. Mimeographed handouts included what I regarded as a very mawkish gay liturgy that borrowed freely from Christian, Buddhist and freethinking traditions.

Chuck, now Archbishop of Los Angeles, read a statement affirming that homosexuals are human and announcing that he personally had met God on Hoover Street between Washington and Jefferson (near the later site of MCC's first "home," later burned).

The record player did "When the Saints Go Marching In," while a slender youth wafted in and put a candle on the altar (some ONE members tittered irreverently — cruelly).

The over-pretentious liturgy seems less comic to me now than it did then. It ended by affirming that we are God's Chosen People, and an acolyte read homoerotic lines from Whitman while the phonograph knocked sparks off the Anvil Chorus. I was bugged by the conviction that Chuck did not literally believe what he was preaching.

The Church was ambitious, proposing to establish in short order a Prince Jonathan Hall & Guidance Center, a Ruth & Naomi Women's Residence, an Our City of Angels Memorial Hospital and assorted other grand institutions as well as a mimeographed newsletter.

Dr. Badger of the First Christian Spiritualist Episcopal Church (sic) ordained four CoOB Bishops. The Church lasted a year, growing steadily, then fizzled unexpectedly and quite suddenly after a successful first anniversary banquet. It was formally dissolved, though one bishop claims to carry on.

#### Was It All That Wrong?

Was CoOB flagrantly artificial? Did I judge it too harshly? When I first heard of MCC, my simplistic reaction was, "Not again!" But one visit to Huntington Park convinced me that MCC was no mere pragmatic patchwork of ideas thrown together "to fill a need," but represented a sincere though ecumenical recapturing of Christian traditions, both by Troy and his followers, of whom I became one. That there is balm in Gilead is

Please Turn To Page 85,

# THOSE WERE THE DAYS

By JIM KEPNER

Harry Otis can look back on a life of  
adventure and gossip from  
Mandalay to Mato Grosso.

When Harry Otis looks back, he remembers a world which he had found to be everywhere, gossip about aristocrats with skeletons in their closets, a guide to the tearooms of the world, memories of working with Mae West.

He recalls a native boy in Singapore who became a fire-walker to thank the gods for giving him an older English friend. And then there were the 30 bronzed, steel-muscled Gurkha soliders travelling with a young English captain — a tough team used to full nudity and close intimacy in their lower-Himalayan-slopes home, fiercely devoted to one another and lacking any "interest in women."

Harry, a smallish man bubbling with nervous energy who now lives in Los Angeles, grew up in Colorado's mining towns before World War I with an uncle who'd known Oscar Wilde, taught exotic dancing to wealthy New York dowagers while fronting for a speakeasy run by a gay

gangster, danced in films with Theda Bara, did the Village scene with Edna St. Vincent Millay and a gay longshoreman, and found adventure and a rich store of gay gossip from Mandalay to the Mato Grosso.

His parents had been scandalized by his Uncle Vince's "citified" ways and by the earthy language of Aunt Kate who ran a ranch with a female companion. Harry recalls sunflowers in the doorway of Vince's cabin one magical summer Sunday when his Uncle read to him from Wilde's "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

After his uncle's death at age 91, Kate drove Harry in her jeep out to Vince's cabin where he found a silver-framed photo of Wilde, inscribed "To Vince — affectionately, Oscar."

"Your uncle was different from most men," Kate said. "As you probably guessed, he was so fond of you because he saw himself in you, and wanted to protect you from what he knew you'd be up against."

(Please Turn To Page 77)







American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, as a non-Equity 'super'.

"I walked out of it. In one of the shows, when they needed a replacement for a guy who got drafted, they replaced him from 'our group. But when I wanted to do Moth in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' they were bringing kids in from New York. And I was standing outside the Green Room where they were interviewing, and the Stage Manager came out and I said 'I want to go in there and read.' And she said 'You can't speak on stage!' and just kept going. And then I looked around at other people in that company who were playing minor tiny roles, who'd been with them for five or six seasons, and I said 'I don't need this shit! People around here are rotten!' So I got on a plane to California."

Within days of his arrival in L.A., he saw a casting notice for a production of "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" at the Ivar Theatre, dropped in on a cattle call, and was hired as a general understudy. He went on for just about every male part, but the show closed before he had a chance

to replace anyone on a more permanent basis. Meanwhile, there was house painting, brick laying, and, currently, a couple days work a week at Paramount as a story analyst, because, as he explains, "I want to expand what I do with film and theatre."

Then there were jobs in five or six independent movies — bike pictures, horror pictures, exploitation pictures — and, predictably, "an occasional descent into pornography, because I needed the money. There was one horror film about necrophilia that I did with Lyle Waggoner, called *Love Me Deadly*, but it's never been seen in L.A. outside the screening rooms."

Last year I was co-starred with Mike Pataki in *Last Fox Trot In Burbank*." He gets very analytically matter-of-fact as he explains that "I was playing the Jean-Paul Leaud role — the filmmaker, lover to the Maria Schneider character. It began as a serious parody of *Last Tango in Paris*, but they weren't sure whether it was going to be comedy or pornography. The director was only 21, and the cameraman was a hippy-dippy type. And they had never done any pornography before, whereas I had. Het porn

Most of the films Bill has made have been for Saber Productions, and he ruefully recalls making two pictures for them in ten days, one a Tom Jones-like costume epic called *Poor Cecily* and the other a cop picture ultimately released as *The Amazing Climax of the Blue Force*. As a result, they compromised on casting, in order to be able to use everybody in both pictures.

"I was s-l-i-g-h-t-l-y miscast in both of them," Bill confesses, "but it was fun, because I got to play a romantic hero on horseback in 18th Century drag, and then I got to do a psychotic cop, which ordinarily I wouldn't be cast for, 'cause I'm too light."

Pressed for titles of some other of his flicks, he manages to dredge up his last film for Saber, released as *Warriors of the Ghetto* but filmed as *Black Gestapo*. Nine or ten films — of whatever quality — over a seven-year period in Hollywood is not a bad record, but Bill takes little pride in it.

"I've got to get back on the stage in order to move up to another level of film! To get out of this rut of bike pictures, horror pictures, exploitation pictures! So I've been really hustlin' people who own theatres, lately."

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where it's not going to be just another rip-off." The depressingly familiar odyssey unreels like a bad third print, only redeemed at times by sudden flashes of self-insight and humor.

It's the Blanche Dubois syndrome, the dependency upon the kindnesses of strangers — in the offices, at the parties, on the streets — but this is a Blanche with balls. It's perseverance. It's resilience. A refusal to be discouraged. Bill confides that "as with anybody who wants to be an artist, I'm slightly fucked-up. But there is some kind of control here that keeps me from going overboard. I do try to do positive things."

"But as with most artists who aren't a raving success, I live on shoestrings. I'm constantly under pressure with people attacking me for money all the time. And I know it's gonna work out, because I do apply myself. But that landlord's always bangin' on the door! Maybe that's why the quality I like most in other people is generosity." He proclaimed this last in a dramatically evil stage whisper, not quite camp enough to disguise the hurt underneath.

Regarding his sexuality, Bill

prefaces his answer with the fact that he's never been married, legally, on paper, but that "I've been 'married,' I'd say, five times — three times to men and twice to women. I would say that the balance of my private sexual experiences has been with men, but my public ones have all been with women."

"I'm heavily into civil rights for homosexuals—of both sexes—and for people in general. I've gone to bat and picketed for them. I feel bad sometimes about my homosexual past, but that's bullshit. That's conditioning. And so I don't really care. My heterosexuality exists, but it is fragile. And I perhaps battered it a little bit by selling it . . ."

With a visible effort, he again addresses the future. "But I feel good today! I paid the rent for next week, and I paid the phone bill. And I've still got nearly \$15 left in my pocket, and the weekend before me! You might say 'I got through all of last year, and I'm still here!'"

"Thank you, Stephen Sondheim!"

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COMMENTS (Continued From Page 9)

organized gay studies and worked to build gay community and spirit. They tackled the tyranny of gender roles.

A general distinction evolved between the terms Gay and Homosexual. The latter, as Dr. Kinsey insisted long ago, is best used to describe particular sex behavior. Gay better describes certain self-affirming persons and the full distinctive range of their lives.

The terms of course overlap. Gay is too affirmative to denote all persons who engage in homosexual acts. It would denigrate the term to apply it to guilt-ridden men who think themselves heterosexual despite a secretly high ratio of homosexual outlets — or to women with strong lesbian leanings who remain enslaved to bad marriages and unliberated roles. It may be scientifically precise to label such persons as homosexuals in hetero clothing — but they are far from Gay.

They can become that by abandoning their masks, and liberating their own Gay souls.

—Jim Kepner

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**PALB** (Continued From Page 42)

haired rock stars did so because it was a comfortable bridge from baby dolls. The young girls consistently indicated a desire to cuddle, to mother their just slightly older idols, without having yet to deal with the sexual complications pubescent and tumescent lads might pose.

Mothers breathed more easily. Whatever the rock kids might be doing offstage, they were not a virile enough symbol to set moms to worrying prematurely about the threat of imminent pregnancies.

The current man/man movies similarly let audiences and filmmakers off the hook at propriety's last stand, sans hickies and sweat, sans the embarrassments of comparative technique and tools. A hip, gay audience can still write its own off-screen fantasies for the duo.

There are reasons as well why the male couples at the center of these stories exist outside the conventional mainstream. Voltaire bitterly groused that marriage was the only adventure open to the cowardly. The gentler proletarian-philosopher Eric Hoffer simply noted that while love-making is radical, marriage is conservative.

As the arts of a society are more radical than the society itself, it is probably natural that the movies' new stories, told without benefit of clergy, should be allied with comedy, the most potentially anarchic dramatic form. It is reasonable, as well, that the couples be outcasts or oddballs, from the eternal and innocent babes in the woods, Laurel and Hardy, to today's matched sets of cops and con-men, really flip sides of the same coin.

What is not the concern of this discussion is that entire tradition of comedy inherited from burlesque and vaudeville — Jack Benny's walk, Milton Berle's penchant for drag, the face lickers and the swish jokers. While it was in the nature of Martin and Lewis that Lewis could be cast in the female roles of several of their scripts, most very successful comedy teams simply had the chemistry that constituted a genuine marriage of talents and character relationship. It is not that one could be called the provider and the other the little woman. While non-gay, it's a different style of marriage and the roles were often precarious and interchangeable.

Perhaps the best of the comedy teams illustrate another of the virtues



which make the homosocial comedy so valuable today. Laurel and Hardy. Lenny Bruce put his finger on it. "There is a love between two men that never smacks of any homosexuality . . . a sincere love there. They slept together in bed . . . just a nice, simple thing."

Dick Van Dyke, one of their greatest fans, notes their conspicuous love and trust with one another as their greatest strength.

Maybe that is what it is all about. There is precious little love or tender feeling anywhere in films today. In fact, any time two people in a movie are deeply, unashamedly in love, you can bet that one of them is about to get conked by cancer.

So, happy honeymoon Butch and Sundance, Harry and Walter, Freebie and Bean. Who'd have thought yours were the only faces in which we could look for love without fear?

**BOOKS** (Continued from Page 18)

shines

But he has exposed his soul exceptionally well. The soul of gay oppression, described without making the account generally depressing. The narrative is capricious, far from the canons of classic rationalism, not even much sequential (though in general he intersperses the account from the distant past to present day with bits on what happened last night at the time of writing a particular passage).

Williams went into a sharp emotional decline, despite the attentions of the renowned Dr. Lawrence Kubie after the flop of "Orpheus Descending," and in 1969 he was hospitalized for a nervous breakdown, spending some months in a "violent ward."

The memoir was written in the three years following, and there is an amazing, an unnerving tension in the final pages here as the relatively sane manuscript begins to show signs of hysteria, death-fear and breakdown.

Regularly hounded by inane interviewers, Williams has long been bored by their questions and suspicious that they are only padding their files for that inevitable obituary notice. "Someone interviewing me asked why writers are so preoccupied with disease and death. 'Any artist cues two deaths,' I told him, 'not only his own as a physical being but that of his creative power.'"

(Please Turn To Page 58.)



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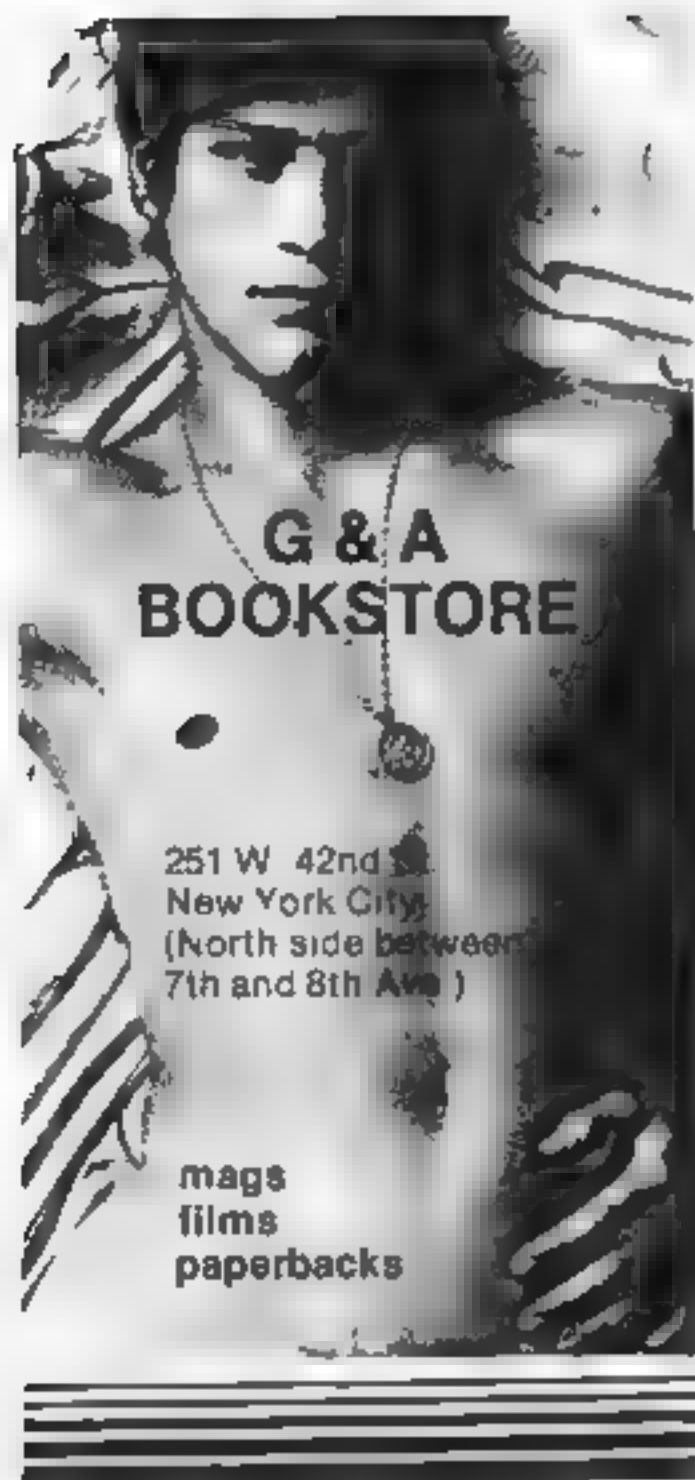
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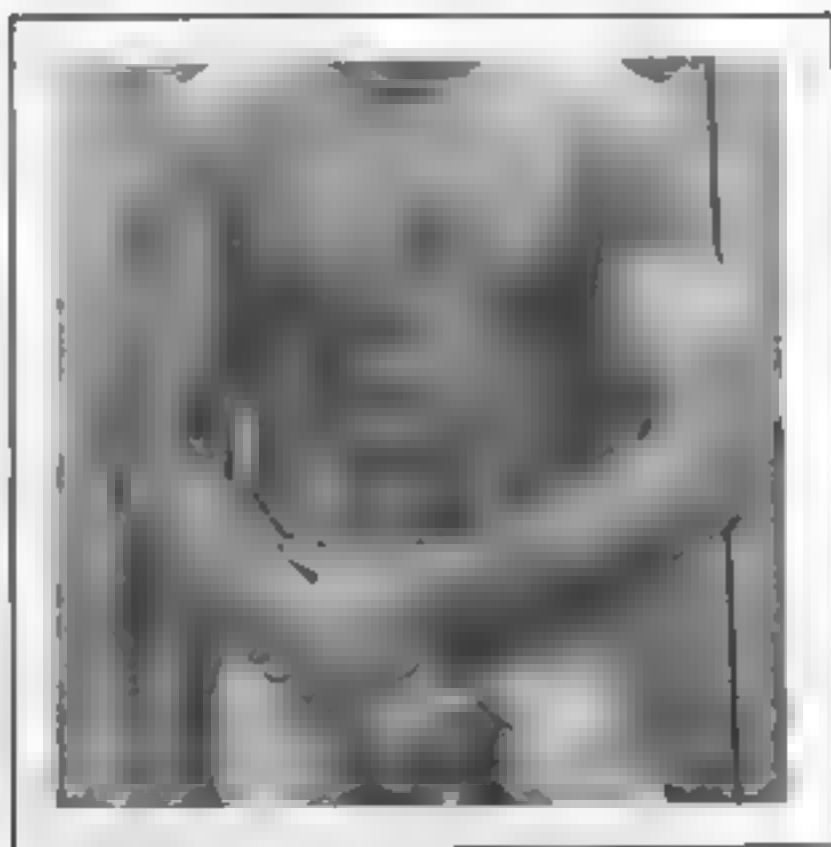


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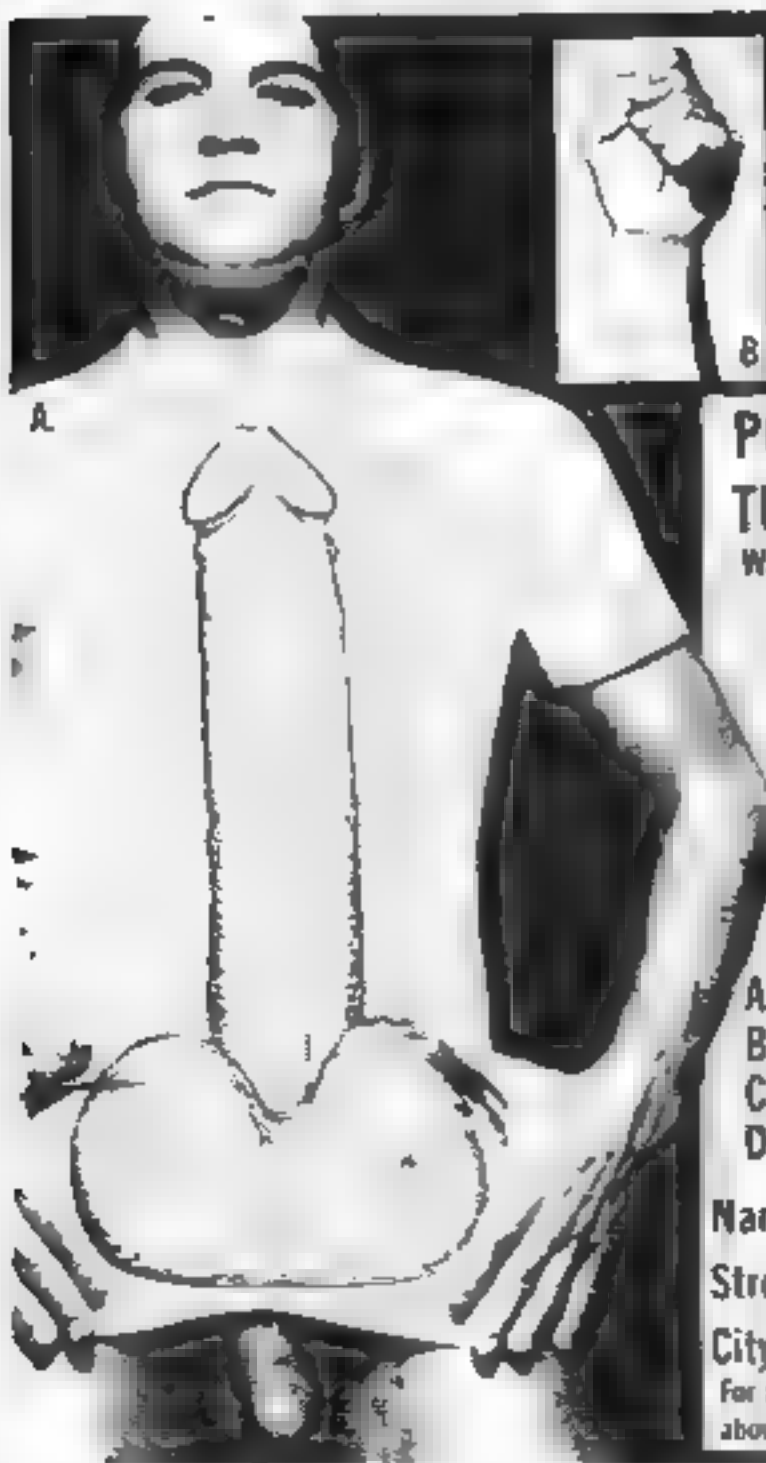


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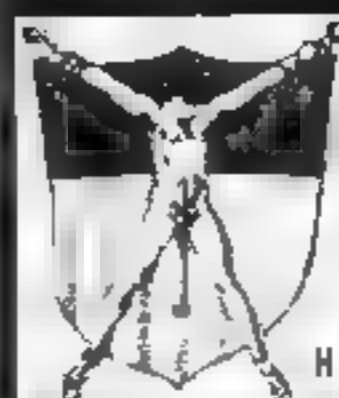
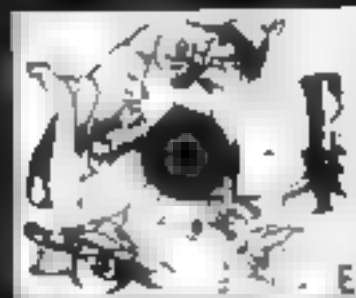
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He went on: "A play is submitted to so many people and to so many conditions, alterable or not, and to such bafflingly varied interpretations by those to whom it's submitted that it's a wonder the author isn't stricken with incurable vertigo and plummeted irretrievably into a pit of snakes and madness."

Williams' every play went through an endless gauntlet of agents and prospective producers and their investors, directors and directors' wives or boyfriends, actors wayward or wooden, all the foregoing having the power to change almost any part of a play, and finally and most distressingly, of the whimsy of critics and audiences who could close a play overnight. No wonder he is now half resolved to avoid that process in the future, sticking to types of writing which involve fewer middlemen.

He was infuriated by the demand that he write extra scenes for *Big Daddy* in "Cat," distressed by the happy ending tacked onto the film of "Menagerie," and distressed by almost every aspect of the film. *Suddenly Last Summer*, except its generous income.

In the Aug. '74 issue of *IN TOUCH*, we had high praise for Martin Weinberg and Colin Williams' book, *MALE HOMOSEXUALS* (Oxford, \$10.95) as possibly the best of many scientific studies on the subject. While the hardback edition is still available, the book is now out in a handsome Penguin paperback at \$2.95. The number of photographs supplementing the text is somewhat reduced, the footnotes are all moved to the back, and a few small historic and typographical errors from the original version have now been corrected.

The study compares the reactions of gays in four cities to the "stigma" of being different, evaluating the reinforcement many find in gay community and gay movement interactions. A practical study not concerned with the old tail-chasing problem of casualty.

—Jim Kepner

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or singer who is making a record. If you listen closely you can hear her behind such stars as Aretha Franklin, Johnny Mathis, Andy Williams, Dionne Warwick and many others.

It was at one of these sessions that she got her "first break." She was making a record with producer Galt McDermott when he mentioned that he needed three black girls for his new stage show "Hair." She auditioned and got the job.

I loved 'Hair.' I loved the whole experience, offstage and on, it was a fantastic time for me." Starting out as one of the three girls who did the "Supremes" number, she ended up playing Sheila, the female lead, and the first black girl to play that part.

How did she get into "Purlie?" "Well, that's a funny story. I auditioned for 'Purlie' never having auditioned for anything of a dramatic nature at all. I just kind of took a chance — I didn't consider myself an actress, so I wasn't frightened because my ego wasn't at stake. I was very loose for the audition, and I got the part. They never heard me sing, at all. I just read, they were that interested in a strong actress."

But what about the two songs you had to sing? "Well, at that time 'Purlie' was the only song my character had in the show. The conductor was Joyce Brown, who I had also worked with in 'Hair,' so she knew I could sing. But the producers and the song writers didn't. We had a lot of trouble communicating at first. They would ask me where I wanted to sing 'Purlie' and I would tell them it depended on how they wanted me to sing it; if they wanted it loud it should be there, if they wanted it sweet it should be here, etc., etc. And all the time Joyce kept telling them that they really had to hear me sing, that they wouldn't believe it. It just went on like that. So we finally picked a key, and I learned the song very straight, which I always do until I feel I really know it. Then I asked the songwriters if I could take a few liberties with it. They said yes, so I played around and sort of fixed it for my voice. By this time we were in previews and they had still not heard me sing out, in front of an audience. Well, 'Purlie' stopped the show. They were so amazed that they wrote 'I Got Love,' tailored it to my voice, and it stopped the show. I had to let 'Purlie' be kind of quiet and gentle so

(Please Turn To Page 72)

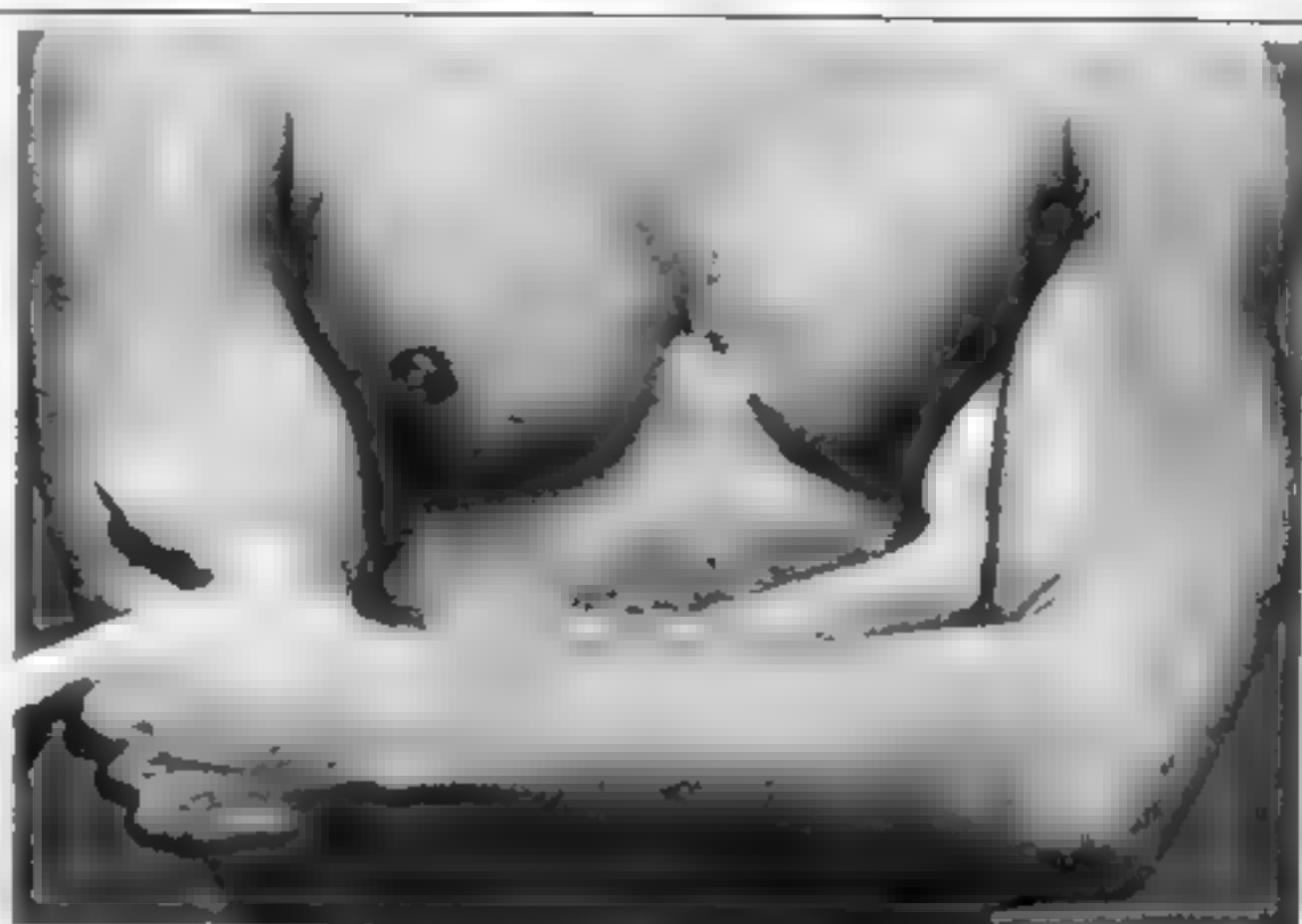
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By ROY L. McCOLLOUGH

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## DIRECTIONS:

Answer each question with two words which rhyme.

Example: What's the entry fee to a nude beach? (1)

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What's speeding while getting down? (2)

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Remember, the words must rhyme! The number in brackets after each question is a clue — it tells you the number of syllables in the answer words

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3. What's a horny drunk? (1)
4. What's a stripper's agent? (2)
5. What's a weed field? (1)
6. What's a pleasure palace? (1)
7. What's a group of swinger's? (1)
8. What's required when you can't get it up? (2)
9. What's an oral sex statistic? (4-3)
10. What's a love curse? (1)
11. What's a cop in a playground? (1)
12. What's a masochist who always wants a whipping? (1)
13. What describes a topless waitress? (1)
14. What's a queer joke? (1)
15. What's a female porno movie star? (2)

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1 to 3 correct answers: You

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4 to 6 correct answers: With so little in-lingo, you're too square to be out!

7 or 8 correct answers: The Sex Education class names you a Sexpert. (Do not confuse with Pervert!)

9 or 10 correct answers. You could teach the gang on the corner a word or several!

11 or 12 correct answers: The Sexual Freedom League needs you — hop a bus for Berkeley!

13 or 14 correct answers Marilyn Chambers and Erica Jong have nothing on you!

15 correct answers: You must have cheated! Anyone who could get 100% would be too busy to take the test!

ANSWERS ON PAGE 88

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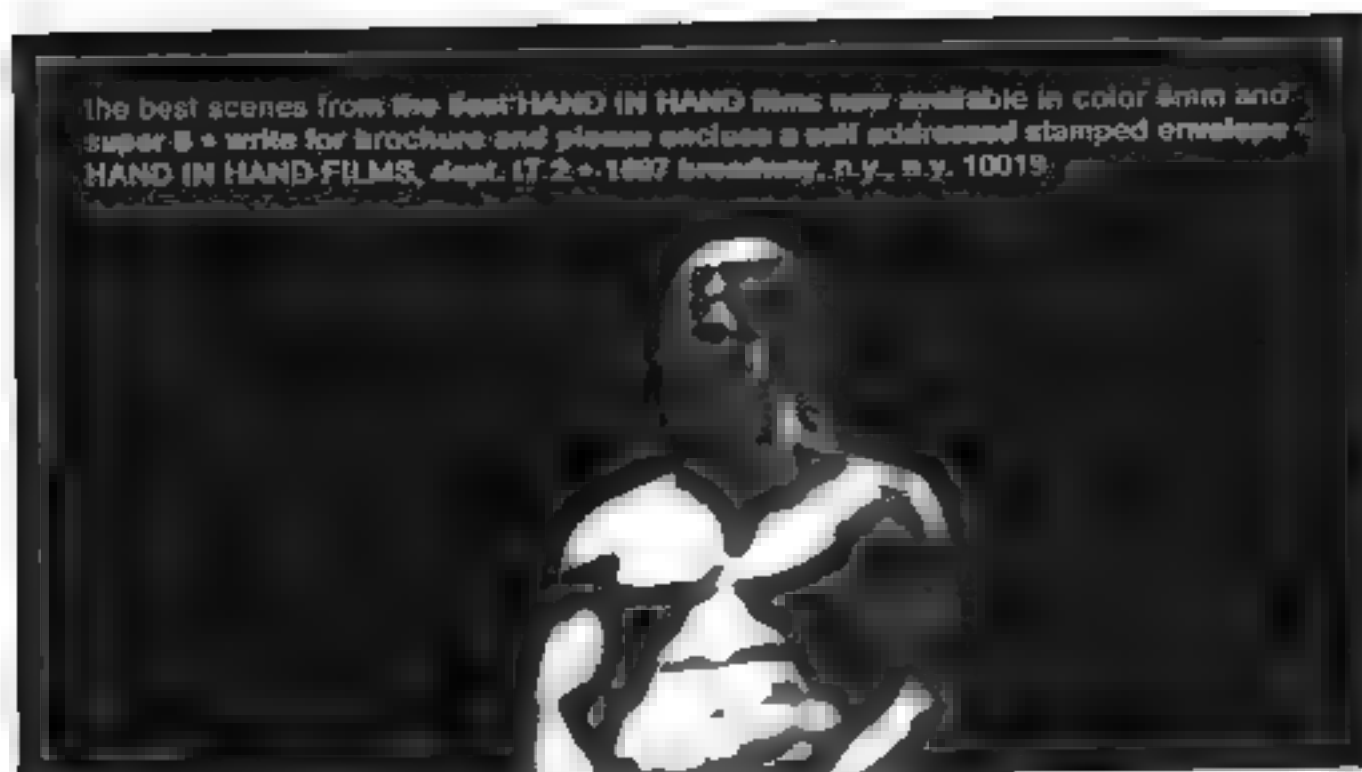
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I could save the surprise for 'I Got Love.' And I was amazed at the audience reaction. I thought it was a dumb little song, until after a few performances I began to realize how very wrong I was."

It was no dumb little song. I remember the reaction very well. There was this little, almost skinny, wail with large eyes and pigtails, out of whom came this astounding voice of incredible range and volume. It was one of those rare combinations of the right performer with the right material — it sent you flying. The applause, at two or three minutes, literally did stop the show and cause her to do an encore — sometimes resulting in a standing ovation.

And Melba, you might say, went right to the top of the Broadway charts. For her performance in "Purlie" she received the Tony Award, the Drama Critics Circle Award, the Theatre World Award, The Outer Critics Circle Award, the Drama Desk Award, the AGVA Entertainer of the Year Award, and the Variety Award.

Melba remained in "Purlie," thrilling audiences for over a year before deciding that she should try something new, that she should venture out on her own. She got a solo act together and sang and danced and clowned her way across the country, and across the television screens of America, winning rave reviews wherever she appeared.

All these appearances led to the summer variety series she did with Clifton Davis (in 1972). And to straight acting roles in two movies. *Pigeons*, and the American Film Theatre production of *Lost In The Stars*.

For the past year or so she has been getting herself together, recovering from the strains and burdens of success that dealt her some severe blows in her personal life a couple of years ago.

I had a lot of things I had to think about, problems I had to work out. In getting myself together I've been working with ideas that I really want to get on paper—I'm going to try my hand at writing. This is not dramatic, not theatrical, it's something else entirely. You might say it's become my avocation. A sort of total fitness, that goes beyond physical fitness, which has benefitted me in many ways that I want to share with others.



After spending my money on doctors, tranquilizers, sleeping pills, diet pills, and a couple of years with a psychiatrist, I finally looked back and analyzed myself and realized what a tremendous release meditation and exercise are and how they help you in so many different ways. I'm going to write a pamphlet or book about it. Normally you go to the drugstore to find remedies for headache, tension, cramps, backache, etc., but in reality the answer is free, you carry it with you all the time. And I think it is important that people know about these exercises and nutritional hints that can help these conditions and even alleviate depression. Oh, I'm emphatic about not setting myself up as an expert — these are things I've learned from many people and through trial and error; each person has to seek his own truths. But I do want to share what I've learned.

And what is it? "The importance of awareness of our spirit. The importance of goals in our everyday lives, from a total point of view and from a daily point of view. Ways of getting back in touch with our spirit so we can be healthy and happy. You can't be level emotionally or physically without disease if you are not in touch with your spirit, and if you don't have some physical exercise movement, or workout — that's how the machine, your body, works.

Most of us fool ourselves and each other until we can't see the truth about ourselves. But a real person is at peace with himself, he is constantly unfolding and growing. And this is what a system of exercise, or whatever, can do for you — it cleans out your system, keeps it in working order and allows you to get below the surface where you are at peace.

"Me, I want to continue. You have to have a goal that will last you for the rest of your life. If you drop it or forget it you begin to fall to pieces to scatter, that's how the machine works. I have discovered what my goal has to be to keep me in balance regardless of what is happening around me. To put it in just a few words, it is to be the most loving human being I can, to love everything and everybody equally. That means a lot. It means a constant reevaluation of yourself. It means searching out the meaning in what people are saying, and constantly growing. My daily goal is to retain what I got yesterday, and hopefully, through that, get a little further today."

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By FRANK EDWARDS

For one reason or another there are many gays who are not currently enrolled in a "company" pension plan. We seem to be more apt to be on our own, less likely to be employed for long periods of time with the type of establishment corporations or huge labor unions that provide this most agreeable of fringe benefits. Which, in turn, tends to put a severe financial squeeze on our retirement years.

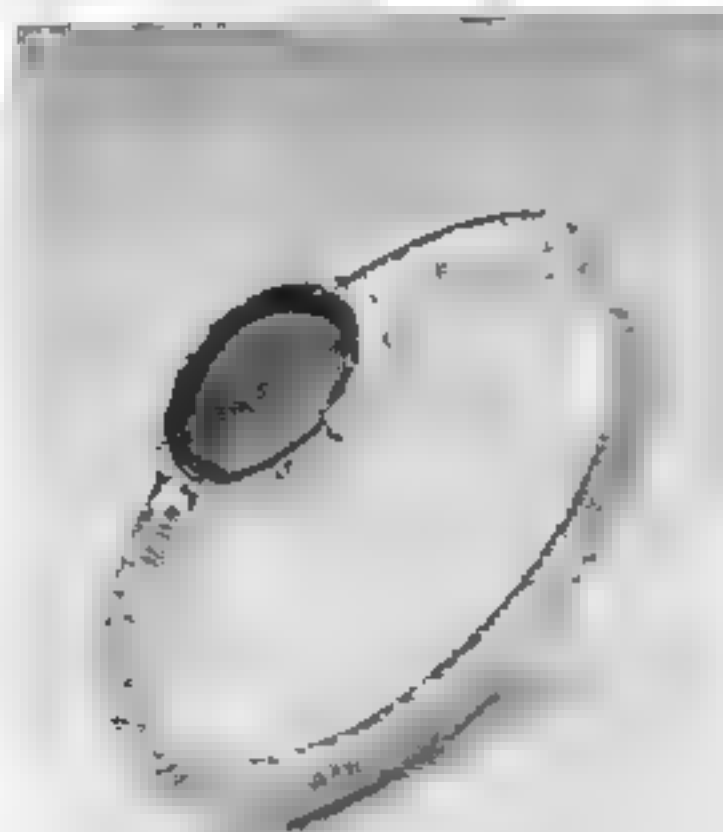
Surprisingly, the United States government (as represented in this area by the Internal Revenue Service) last year came up with a new Pension Retirement Act, now signed into law, that includes a provision which we all ought to examine very carefully. For, those of us who qualify can revel in a tax deferment of between \$200 and \$4,000 on next year's tax return, and at the same time put aside much-needed dollars toward our eventual retirement income.

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SHIRLEY (Continued From Page 27)

week the men would bring their families, and the only time in the week they'd let the underaged performer on the stage.

It's quite like out of a storybook," she says, smiling broadly and looking a bit distant as if scanning a rich and vivid gallery of memories — the inner world of Shirley Bassey. "There was a producer from London who'd returned to Wales to see his family for the weekend — and they'd gone out for drinks to this club. He was producing a show in London, and he heard this voice and looked up and said 'she's for my show!' And that was it — it's 'crazy'!

"He came the next morning to see my mother." Her eyes again told me that she spoke from another place and time. "'She's too young to go, she's the baby,' she said, but he promised to protect me, and to put me in the care of a couple who were with the show," her voice fell off for a moment, then comes back quite excitedly "And that was it!"

That was called 'Memories of Jolson,' and we toured around England with that for about seven months, then I went into another show right away — and then I decided I'd had enough of show business and retired at 17 going on 18." She gives a girlish laugh. "I didn't like it. I was in retirement for about two months — had the job of a waitress — and then the call came and I was off again."

From there she went to Jersey, in the Channel Islands, to do a three-song spot between set changes, and was discovered by an Irishman who vowed to make her a star. "He was determined he was going to make someone a star," she laughs, "and so it was me. He had gowns made for me, had someone choose material and arrange for me — and he put me on the road in this variety show. My first time out alone," she recalls with a wry grin, "it was a terrifying experience."

But her big break came when she was singing in her first West End nightclub and the well-known impressario of the day, Jack Hilton, heard her. His show "Talk Of The Town" was running in London. "But after he'd heard me, he said, 'Why she's just another bloody singer!' and walked out."

The next morning she was summoned to the Delphi Theatre and rehearsed for the role of the show's





female singer who'd been hospitalized. That night Shirley Bassey sang "Who Wants To Help Me Burn My Candle At Both Ends?" and was discovered by the national press. The rest is theatre history.

She became a star in England, then Europe, and then finally won international acclaim with the song "Goldfinger."

"But it didn't happen overnight," she says, pushing the hair back from her face. "It took years, you see."

She looks directly at me like a

*Please Turn To Page 83*

**BARBRA** (Continued from Page 72)

ly right for the mid-60s, and she seems wonderfully right for the mid-70s, too.

Many of her young fans know nothing of the previous Barbra. They've never seen her on Broadway, they've never watched her acclaimed TV specials like "My Name Is Barbra" and "Color Me Barbra." They have no idea of what it was that made Barbra a legend to our generation. And yet they love her too — but for different reasons. *A Star Is Born* should win her as many fans as her film debut in *Funny Girl* — a vastly different film — did eight years ago. Streisand is truly a star for all seasons, and it is safe to say that just as her star is being reborn in her new film, so will it be reborn in future efforts — as she continues to be the most contemporary of contemporaries.

**EMMA AND OSCAR**  
(Continued From Page 80)

She said Vince had met Oscar back in 1982. "April it was. Emma and I were working at Tabor's flossy hangout in Denver, The Windsor. She was washing and I had charge of the linen room. Oscar was to speak at Tabor's Opera House. They did the parlour in pink paper for the occasion, with funeral lilies on it, colored poppies on the bedroom paper. The night Oscar's train pulled in, an hour late, it was snowing hard, the streets as muddy as my pigsty after a cloudburst. We were all waiting for him in the opera house."

"Emma and I liked Oscar the moment we saw him. The papers always pictured him wearing silly clothes with a lily in his hand, but he had on corduroys, a leather jacket, boots and a wide-brimmed hat — though he went back to his room and changed to the kind of outfit the snobs wanted to see on him. I doubt whether any of them understood what he lectured

*(Please Turn To Page 80)*

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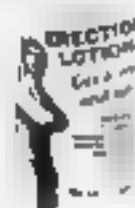
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THOSE WERE THE DAYS

(Continued from Page 77)

about. Any foreigner was tops with them, no matter what he said or did.

She said the poet Eugene Field had also been present that night. Field was working in the mining camps, editing the *Denver Tribune*, and occasionally playing barroom piano, singing love songs to a freckle-faced youth in chaps and deer-hide shirt. Field once camped it up in drag for Uncle Vince, and had unwillingly traded boy-friends with the president of the Rocky Mountain Bank and the president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

The star-struck Vince followed Wilde to Leadville, saving him from a miner's pistol shot. They were inseparable for the rest of Wilde's visit.

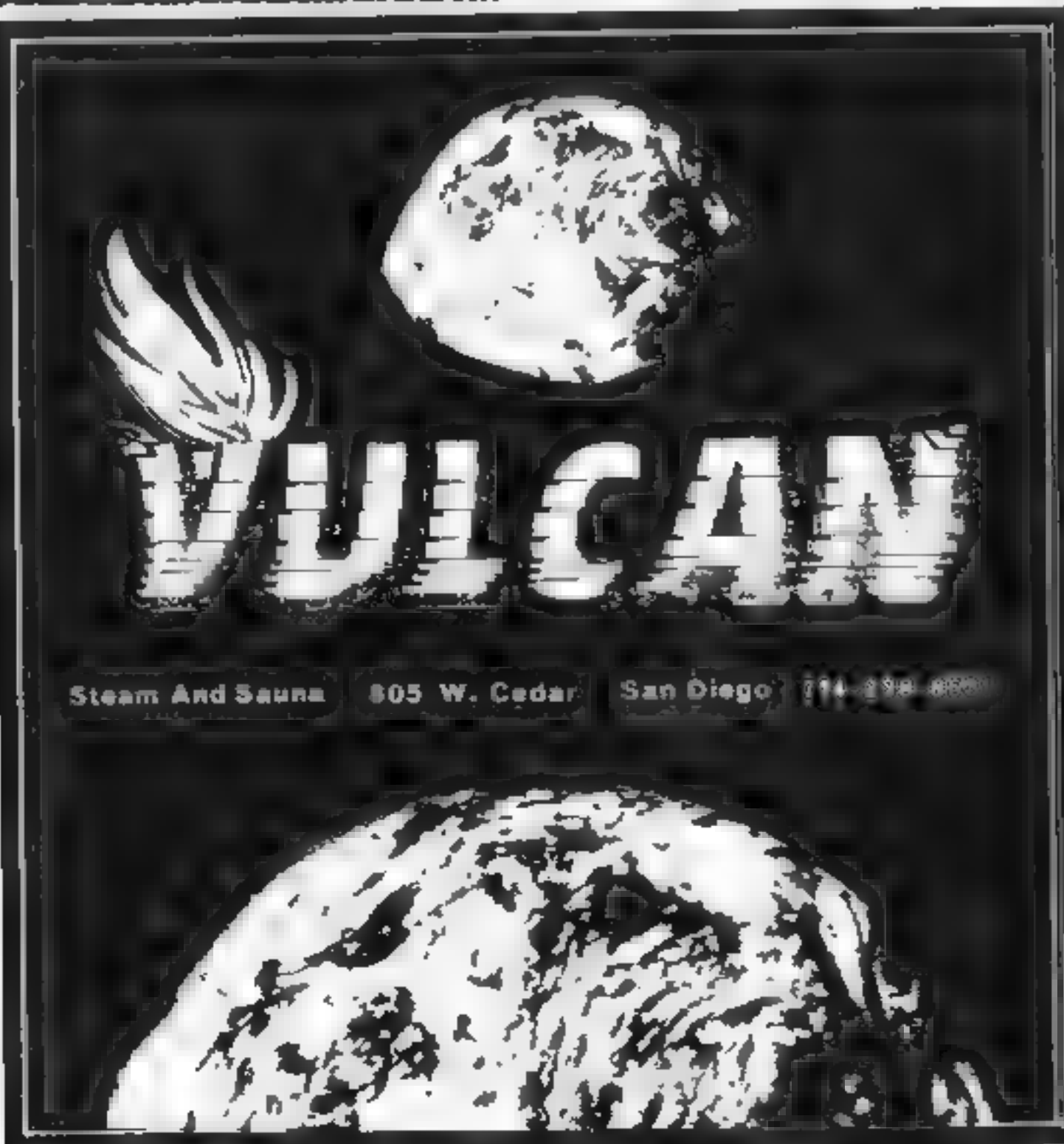
Labor arranged a gala reception at The Windsor, but all the guests got spoiled food and were busy heaving when Wilde made his entrance. Wilde himself was served a leg of mutton, smelled it and threw it out the window. Kate made him some

And then there were the 30 bronzed, steel-muscled Gurkah soldiers . . .

ham and eggs and cornododger, and later fortified him and Vince with olive oil to line their stomachs before a night out drinking with the miners.

An excerpt from Vince's diary:

April 15 Leadville-Clarendon Hotel. It's five a.m. At last Oscar is asleep. He needs rest. Excitement and this high altitude have worn him down. After that mess at the station we had to ride in Crawford's old buggy. It skidded all over the street and I had to hold onto him to keep him from falling out. He's so different from what the papers print about him. He's kind, thoughtful, considerate. He's no weakling. His fingers are long and thin and strong. If he had to he could pack a wallop. Oddly enough we're both 28 and our fathers are Irish. I asked him why the papers always pictured him holding either a sunflower or a lily. He grinned. He said he assumed it was because they were his favorite flowers. His words were, "What other flowers have the slender grace and virginal beauty of the lily or the strength and majesty of the sunflower?"



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Wilde evidently found both grace and strength in Vince. The diary goes on:

*"I was standing at the window looking at the moonlight gleam like silver on the icy peaks. Oscar came over and put his arm over my shoulders. After a long silence, he said, 'Beauty is the only thing in nature that time cannot harm. Neither can it ever erase a cherished memory . . .'"*

Wilde wanted to take Vince back to England, and they corresponded until Wilde's trial years later, but soon afterward the handsome Vince was hurt in a mine cave-in. He never let anyone else see his badly scarred legs — except for the half-Ute boy who'd rescued and nursed him. Vince and Shotgun lived together until the latter died of snakebite about 1905.

But this is about Harry's life, not about his intriguing Uncle or Aunt . . . or about Bea Parker who had three whorehouses on what is now Palmer Avenue. "As a boy I used to take wood down in the Fall

---

**"I was dancing down at the Coronado Hotel then. I got a lot of propositions."**

---

for her stoves, and shovel snow from the path, and she was wonderful to me. The men used to sit on a log outside Bea's house and wait their turn. There were hundreds of miners, sheepherders, cowpunchers, loggers in town all winter. That was before we had the first turkish bath — the English took over and built this big hotel — real hot springs. It was a dump of a town before." And Harry is off on a dozen more anecdotes.

But I left home (about 1915) to join a group of Hawaiians. They came to the Odeon Theatre selling these fake guitars. I didn't care that I was to graduate that July. I joined them. I'd already had a taste of the gay life. I stayed in Salt Lake City two and a half years. Nigger Mary — that's what we called her, blacks were nothing in Mormon country — put me through ballet school. Then I gravitated out to Hollywood and danced in a few movies — with Theda Bara in *The Dragon Lady*, I think it was called, and with the Kerrigans out at the Ince studio in Culver City.

Please Turn To Page 90

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## 2 Back up gay legislation

Write letters urging support for gay rights legislation to federal, state and local legislators. Don't assume others have written and you don't have to! Focus attention on gay rights in religious, professional and community groups. Make it a campaign issue. Question candidates on gay rights; don't vote for any with anti-gay biases.

## 3 Support local gay organizations

Contact and join local groups. Support them with time, money or professional expertise. Start or join a professional gay caucus. Form a regional or neighborhood organization to address local needs. Start a local gay public affairs radio program, newsletter or rap group.

## 4 Join The National Gay Task Force

We have worked with 24 members of Congress to introduce federal gay rights legislation; obtained non-discrimination employment statements from major corporations and the 3 major networks; compiled support materials for use by local organizations; served as an information clearinghouse on national gay successes, actions and problems; coordinated the national protest of "Marcus Welby, M.D. - The Outrage"; and more.

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# keeping In

**Bravo!**

I had the pleasure to read issue No 20 *IN TOUCH*, and found, as in the past, that your magazine is one of the best on the market, not only for its excellent photography but most of all for its outstanding and selective writings.

In the issue your article about "Colombia" is in excellent taste, both in composition and information about this interesting land called "The Golden Gate of — South America."

The author deserves the warmest congratulations for a job well done. This feeling is shared by a group of my friends who have become fans of *IN TOUCH*. A "Bravo" to you and please keep doing so well for the enjoyment of all the people who like you so much.

William Franco  
New York

VIVA!!! The article about Colombia, Issue 20, by Warren Cummings was absolutely superb. As I read through the pages I could feel my blood rushing through me. I loved it. It was a delightful article about Mi Patria. I am a Costeno. I was born in the "Athens of the Americas," Bogota (the capital of Colombia) and was reared in the city of Barranquilla on the coast of the warm Atlantic Ocean, some few miles from the city of Cartagena.

I am of Spanish, French, Turkish and Colombian Indian extraction, with a dash of Americano for added spice. I came to this country at the age of 14, and grew into manhood in North Carolina. Although I am now as gringo as Jack-in-the-Box, and grits, I very often remember Mi Patria, and as I remember the days of my youth there, it makes my heart quiver. Colombia, emerald of the Americas, someday I must visit your warm nights again.

# Touch



Thanks for a terrific article with a lot of meaning for myself. Don't be afraid to print my name and address. Gay gringos awake, go south, spend a night with a Costeno and you will never go to Acapulco again.

All other gay mags, eat your heart out!!

Robert L. Cuevas

## Raising The Blood Pressure

I have just finished reading (and looking at) your fine number 20 issue. What a fine publication you have! It is my first experience with your magazine and I must say you have them all beat. Aside from being slickly professional, the contents tend to raise the blood pressure and interest the eye.

Your staff of writers is impeccable and your photography better than any I've seen in many years. Which brings me to a two-fold point. Layne Nielson and Danny Delaney. Rarely have photos been treated with such loving care, such detail and class. Being a photographer myself, I admire and appreciate Mr. Nielson's fine work. Now, about that little Irish fox, Danny Delaney!

You are indeed lucky having that little piece of Gallic dynamite gracing your pages. He certainly isn't camera-shy nor is he unsure of himself. He seems the type that even a pair of jockey shorts would cramp his style! He almost looks ludicrous in clothes! This cat should be buck naked everytime he appears. There would be no stopping him. I'm amazed he was kept "in control" during the photo session! Already every friend of mine down here (in Texas) has joined the unofficial Delaney fan club and won't rest until we see more of this lad.

My hat off to you and your profound and fine publication. Keep

(Please Turn To Page 84)

SHIRLEY (Continued from Page 77)

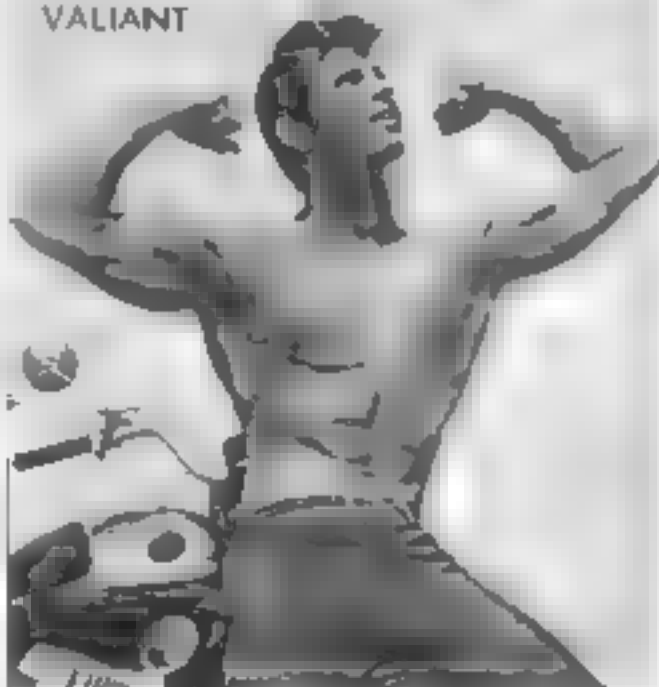
storyteller weaving all the threads together in a final instant. "As time passed I began to fight with my manager. I wanted a say. Now it's all me! And if I make a mistake, I fall — there's nobody else."

"Now," she sits up straight, tucking the blouse into her skin-tight jeans, "was there anything else?"

"Yes," I replied as we stood backstage in the Green Room of Carnegie Hall following an opening night performance punctuated with nine standing ovations. "It was really quite a good show. You know."

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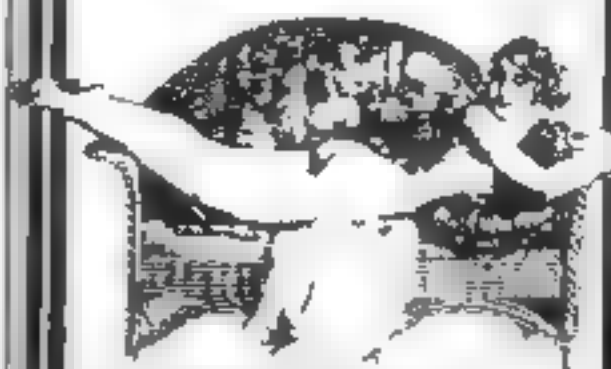
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LETTERS (Continued From Page 83)

up the excellent work and keep **IN TOUCH**

Todd Hanson

P S

Excuse the typing, but I have the magazine in front of me and find it a welcome distraction!

## Wants It "Up-Front"

I have been a faithful reader of your fine magazine for many months and I would like to compliment you on the exceptional writers you employ and the interesting articles and people you present.

However, there is one criticism which I feel is due. You must realize how important periodicals such as **IN TOUCH** are to the gay movement in this country; yet, in your interviews, the subject of gayness is seldom, if ever, addressed. I think that this represents an avoidance of responsibility to the gay community.

I suggest that in any interview one of two questions should always be asked: "Are you gay?" or "What are your feelings about the gay movement?"

If the person being interviewed is not gay and is not sympathetic to the goals of the gay movement, then why grant him space in your magazine?? (We can all read *People* magazine for that type of interview.)

At this stage in the gay fight for freedom, it is so important that gays assert their sexuality, separateness, and uniqueness; therefore, please consider this aspect of your interviewing style and perhaps you will agree that an "up-front" approach would be the fairest to us all.

Paul Peters  
Boston

We do agree with you and whenever circumstances permit, we ask the "up-front" questions you're talking about. Some of the people in **IN TOUCH** are gay and some are not, but there's obviously no one here who isn't sympathetic to the gay movement. And other times it's merely a case of not being out of the closet, and **IN TOUCH** is for these people too.

It's BICENTENNIAL time here in these US of A's and in keeping with the festive spirit of things, the Men of Sierra Domino have gotten together with photography and art and made up a bicentennial book called "SOUL SPIRIT OF '76". It's got soul (over 60 photographs of new Men of Sierra Domino—black, built and beautiful) and it's got spirit (you won't believe the drawings especially commissioned for this book as the artist whimsically looks at some rather famous... infamous???... black characters in America's past). 112 pages. Softbound.

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regularly attested at MCC — and all over the country now and in several other countries. It works. It gives what its members need.

But Chuck's syncretistic formula also worked — for awhile. (The ecumenism of MCC involves free borrowing from varied Christian traditions — a sort of High-Church Fundamentalism. Syncretism implies wider borrowings, from varied religions.) I felt — and I think I was psychologically correct — that there was a need to stick closer to orthodox Christian forms — if only to give "the rejected ones" the hair of the dog that bit them.

I was very wrong, even homophobic, in heaping scorn on some of their efforts

And finally, I now feel that Chuck's formula may still be needed. MCC offers a positive identity and feelings of rich fellowship and commitment to those it is able to reach. But while it may be heretical for an MCC member to say it, we live in a world today which is viewed by many gays, and by many Christian theologians, as Post-Christian. Many people, including many gays, simply can no longer be reached or healed by the "Faith of our Fathers."

#### Faith On New Terms?

That does not mean that these individuals are bad people. It means that they march to the tune of different symbols, symbols that are more hip, more related to the modern world than to the shepherd society that was already out of date in Jesus' day.

For those individuals who are unable to respond to Christian symbols, ritual and ideals, there is a need for another kind of Revival — a new awakening of the spirit in hip terms. It need not be at all anti-Christian or even un-Christian — but it cannot be Square Christian, as at least some parts of MCC tend to be.

The shape of such a spiritual movement would depend, in Emerson's phrase, on the lengthened shadow of whoever is to be its founder. It needs to have the same inner integrity that is so evident in the mission of Troy Perry, and the same commitment to gay liberation and to general liberation.

My personal bias would be that it ought to go back to the recently



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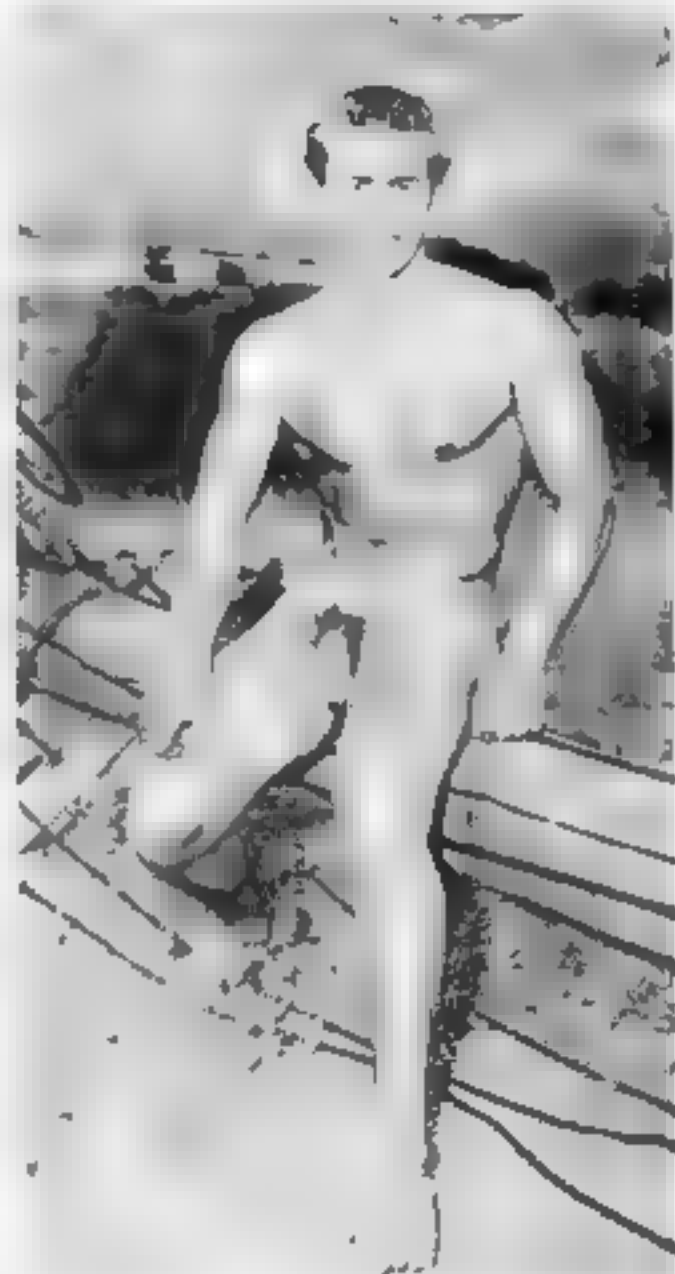
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gospel which found its way into the  
Biblical canon after the Church  
learned how to persecute "heretics  
and sodomites." But that gets  
heavy

**BRUCE DAVISON** (Continued From Page 25)

the TV was still on ("my playroom"),  
a tiny bath, and the living room and  
kitchen. "Do you mind if I put on  
some beans? 'Cause I wanna get  
somethin' to eat, in case I have to get  
to the set tonight. They might call  
any time."

Taking the hint, you begin re-  
assembling your paraphernalia.  
But he genuinely doesn't want to be  
left alone, and continues talking as  
he takes two packages of green beans  
from the freezer compartment of the  
fridge, drops the contents into a pan,  
runs water over them, and puts them  
on a burner of the stove.

"My birthday is June 28th. I'm a  
real moonchild. When it's a full  
moon, lock me up! I got married on a  
full moon. After a fashion. It was a  
Chinese restaurant, a full moon, a lit-  
tle too much champagne, and the  
devilry in her eyes sittin' across the  
table! She just pushed me too far so I  
threw her into the car and drove to  
Las Vegas and we did it before we  
knew what happened. It lasted 'til  
the next full moon, just about!" And,  
again, Bruce laughs and laughs.

There are worse ways to deal with  
life's unpleasantnesses, you  
ruminate, eyeing those two packages  
of frozen beans, as they begin to  
thaw out and warm up in the now-  
boiling water.

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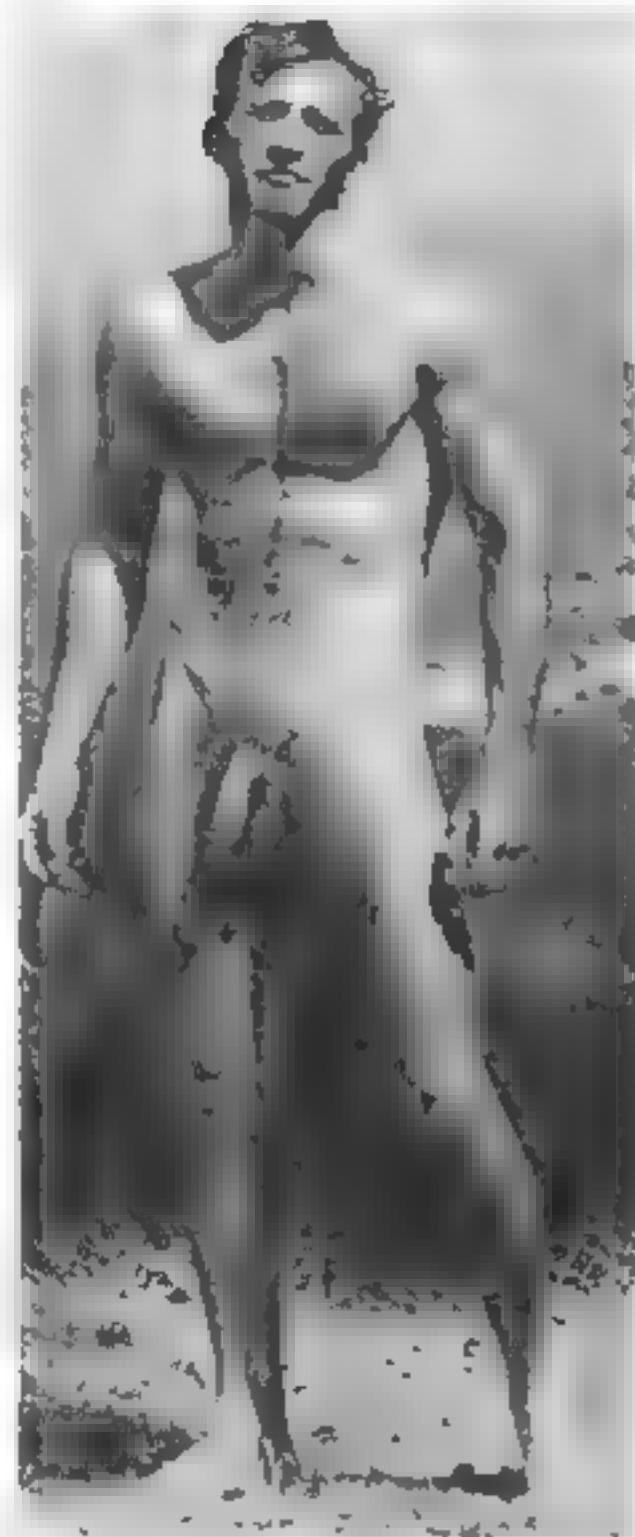
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By ROGER ASQUITH

# HOROSCOPE

## Pisces FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 20

Comfort and convenience will allow you to take it easy this month, but you always have to make bread . . . one way or another. Make friends as well as money while you have the opportunity . . . you don't have to wait for the knock. You should be feeling stronger, more optimistic about what's in store for you, but you must go out and meet the salesman half way, that's unless you don't mind his foot in the door. Some of your friends can be quite persuasive and you love it all, don't you? Don't be greedy, share the wealth.

## Aries MARCH 21-APRIL 20

You are inclined to sit back and rest on your laurels this month, which is not a good idea. You always have to be up and at it . . . whatever "it" happens to be. Some of your friends are inclined to sponge off you. You can be overly generous with some of your goodies. This doesn't mean you have to hang it up altogether, just spread it around a little more evenly and let everyone enjoy what you have to offer. Watch your penchant for sweet things, even if they only stay for breakfast.

## Taurus APRIL 21-MAY 20

Remember an overseas friend or a long distant lover and keep in contact. You're inclined to stick too close to home and often miss some of the goodies who traipse around on the horizon. Your strong sense of loyalty is very good, but a little variety can add a lot of spice . . . and that's nice. Take a look at yourself in a mirror . . . a long mirror, you'll need it. Now, isn't that quite a reflection? It's up to you what you do about it, but quite a few people would be glad to have it. Don't be shy, you've got what it takes . . . so let more people take it.

## Gemini MAY 21-JUNE 21

Start thinking about the needs of others this month. You are inclined to be a little selfish when it comes to sharing yourself. You don't have to bake a cake in order to invite friends over, but be prepared to let it all hang out and relax. Spring is almost here and you know what happens then . . . young men become quite fanciful, so . . . what are you waiting for, go out and get one. Check your closet, if it's empty, then something is radically wrong. Buy a few chic duds and go out with the dudes . . . even if it's a group grope.

## Cancer JUNE 22-JULY 22

Here we are another month and you're still putting off that chore. Take the bull by the horns and get it done. You should score quite well this month doing what comes naturally. Take on long shots and if you play the horses bet for a win. This is the time to try a few new twists to the old game. Instead of waiting for the phone to ring, dial away, even if it's a wrong number . . . with your luck, he's not going to be busy. Tackle some of the numbers you considered impossible, they might be only too pleased to get off the hook.

## Leo JULY 23-AUGUST 23

Your ability to give and receive affection will greatly increase during the next few weeks. This doesn't mean you should hang about in the sauna. Go out and try new fields . . . especially if they're full of tall grass. There's no need to spend a lot of money to get what you want . . . but it does help to be ostentatious with a bulging wallet as well as anything else. Be careful in case anyone follows you home after your display of wealth and availability . . . some guys expect more than a quick buck.



## Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

After mid-month, the moon will really influence your love-life. This doesn't mean finding a pad near the park, but there's no need to hibernate in the evenings with your maiden aunt. Look what happened to her. Being a lovable person you never lack company . . . yet you can be quite contented doing your own thing . . . be nice, share yourself, and not just in the moonlight. Watch some of those fattening goodies you tend to stuff in your mouth. Despite what people say if you don't do it . . . somebody else will. Just make sure he's got clean hands.

## Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

You're described as being a member of the 'glit and crystal' set. You like nice things, even if they are expensive and X-rated. You deserve what you get and only what you pay for . . . so splurge a little once in a while and find out how the other half loves. Exercise and keep slim by taking a walk during dinner . . . but leave a little room for dessert, you deserve something sweet. Watch your financial situation this period, an expected windfall may not blow your way . . . so burn the midnight oil if it's profitable. You have beautiful but expensive tastes.

## Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

If you happen to be out of work, you might find a job. If you've already got one, then a promotion is in the offing. In either case, conserve your money. Check out the delights of doing things at home. Take the advice of an influential friend if it's to do with your advancement, but don't be led up the garden path unless you've been there before. Your love life may be a little shaky at first . . . so don't rock the bed, look under it . . . you may have to for a little excitement.

## Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

It's true you always like to be in the middle of things, but it's not always necessary to attend an orgy . . . two's company, three can be quite exciting, especially in a hammock. Learn how to listen . . . even if you've heard it before. Cool it with the advice and warm up to an old friend. He's still got what it takes and very anxious to get it together with you . . . so next time he calls be in, be gracious and be very understanding. Good friends are hard to find . . . or is it vice versa?

## Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20


Do not depend too much on luck this month, you have to be practical. If you're studying for an exam or a promotion, stick with it, most likely you'll get what you're after . . . and this goes for your love life as well. You always do aim high, try to attain the unattainable, you may not always succeed, but when you do, it's certainly well worth the effort. Think twice about spending a lot of money, some of your sources of loot may dry up. If you work hard, this should be a very rewarding period.

## Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

A so-called friend of yours may be prepared to air your dirty linen in public and spill the beans on a few of your secret peccadilloes. Jump in first and nip him in the bud. Apart from this possibility, you should have smooth sailing and easy pickins'. Appreciate your good fortune and make the most of what comes your way. Other people are not so lucky and try even harder. Don't break any promises if you can help it. A lot of people really count on you and they are worth looking after. You didn't know you were so popular did you?

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Was gay life difficult in those days? "Oh nobody said much about gay life then, but there were a hell of a lot of queens around L.A. The bath down on 4th Street was the center of things. Grauman had just built his theatre downtown (now the Million Dollar) and the queens weren't so much into drag then — unless you had a whole character, not just a gown. It was all seances, spiritual, you know. You didn't have to go out and cruise, people came to you and consulted on the astral plane, and these belles had their big Hollywood parties, especially at that Chinese hotel up on the hill. Two Chinese brothers ran it, they'd contact the spirits of the Orient and all the queens would have to be somebody historic. Quite a few Cleopatras.

"Ted Shawn was among them, that was when he and Ruth St. Denis were down on Temple Street and he got caught in Westlake Park, but when the officer found out who he was it all got fixed. That whole gang'd go down to the Palace Baths. They had an orchestra there, and Harold Nichols who'd started out as a window-dresser at that big store downtown — they call it May Company now — and the manager took a special interest in him, he would entertain the whole place once a week. Everything would be free.

"I was dancing down at the Coronado Hotel then, I got a lot of propositions. One woman, Clarence Buddington Kelland's agent, saw me and got me on at the Trocadero in New York. That's where Tommy Guinan saw me. Cora had lots of celebrities on her list, so to get in with them Tommy opened this dance studio for me in an old Pine Mansion at 267 Madison Avenue . . ."

Tommy was the gay brother of famed speakeasy hostess, Texas Guinan, who'd brought wild-west manners to New York's smart set. She was loved for her tough, unbridled tongue, but Harry says she was anything but tough. She'd clean house for Tommy and his lover Mike, a handsome Irish cop, and go with them to concerts, classics. New York's richest women, Mrs. Vanderbilt, the Astors, came to learn the Oriental dances and the tango. The dance studio also served as a front for Tommy's speakeasy. When Mike the cop, stationed outside, blew his whistle a certain way, all traces of the gin-

mill would disappear and customers would begin dancing lessons or scurry out the back way.

Mrs. Vanderbilt had this mansion up on Fifth Avenue opposite the Metropolitan Museum. She gave these 'evenings' once a year, and the 'best people' vied for invitations. She was about 60 and looked like Whistler's Mother, but she wanted to learn an Oriental dance, the Song of India. So I made up some steps and went up there to give her lessons. She had bunions on her feet, so she always wore fluffy green carpet slippers, but on the big night, she had her butler announce that so-and-so from the Orient was going to do an interpretive dance.

"They brought in this big frosted



Harry Otis then

screen, and she came out wearing all this gaudy oriental junk — and it was junk. She went through all these motions, which were exaggerated on the screen. I was watching the audience, and so was the butler. None of those people dared laugh. She came out afterward and bowed, and they gave her a tremendous ovation . . . She was a real character — used to salvage letters from garbage cans."

Harry also recalls the Sunset Club, a definitely gay club for men, some of whom had broken away from the Algonquin Club. They had quarters in the Persian Room, atop the Hotel Plaza, then THE hotel. Jimmie Walker used to arrive in drag, and some of the biggest opera stars also.

"The Sunsetters were founded by

Chauncey dePugh Jr. — he was the one who was brought out in the arm of the Statue of Liberty during its dedication . . . I'm putting the details of that in my book . . .

"And oh yes, remind me to tell about the time I danced at the Castle Sans Souci on Los Feliz. Our mad host Dr. Castle groped young men with his gloves on then had them dip their cocks in the punch before it was served. And the time I danced at the Ambassador — the stellar attraction was 200 lbs. of Mrs. Robert Brunton lugged in on a litter surrounded by equally hefty dancing nymphs. I should tell you about several more of my pupils in New York, including Hope Hampton and her entourage of handsome gavs, Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh's experience with a bedbug at the Ritz, the trick Germain Monteil pulled to launch her fabulous perfume business, or the time I worked with Mae West, Amelia Earhart and her mother-in-law and of course, Anna Auchincloss and the bloody toilet paper on her legs."

Decades got mixed in the telling. Harry left New York about 1950, convinced that all the glamor was long gone) but he met Edna Millay and others at Mabel Dodge's evenings, and has a wealth of stories about Millay which must wait for another time. And about the German baroness who shaved her head and wore a coal scuttle for a hat, and large beauty spots all over.

About other aspects of gay life, Harry admitted that "you get in with one particular circle, and half the time, you don't know anything about the others." He remembers the fancy clubs in Harlem where blacks entertained but were not allowed as customers, and about nearby black lesbian bars. He knew the two lesbians who had married Valentino, and "that was the time of Julian Eltinge" the greatest of female impersonators, and Sammy's Bowery Follies and a leather bar that was going strong "when I left New York in 1950, near the Hotel Shelton on Lexington." He also says that in his book, nearly completed, he would tell about a lesbian club that had started in Revolutionary days.

The tales go on and on . . . gay and curious incidents and conjectures about the rich and famous . . . comparisons of gay life then and now in Colorado, Los Angeles, New York, South America, Asia and Africa. Luckily Harry remembers. ●

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